National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVII. NO. 11. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856. WHOLE NO. 843.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.

Pro-Slavery.

WHAT SORT OF FREEDOM PASSES CURRENT IN TEXAS.

GALVESTON, Texas, Thursday, July 10, 1856.

To the Editor of The New York Daily Times:

THE inclosed I cut from one of our city papers, and beg you to publish, with such comments as you deem necessary.

In explanation I must tell you that Mr. Sherwood, a Southern man and eminent lawyer, and at the last session of our Legislature a member of the House from this city, had to resign before his term expired, because he had the courage to assert on the floor of the House that it was his opinion that "*the Congress of the United States had the constitutional right to legislate on the subject of slavery in the Territories*"; this is the only so-called anti-slavery sentiment Mr. Sherwood, himself a slaveholder, entertains. I underlined some portions of the article I inclosed; and ask you, where lies the difference, in regard to Freedom of Speech and Press, between so-called *despotic Austria* and these Southern Republican States of the great and free (?) North American Republic?

Yours, A SOUTHERNER.

PROCEEDINGS OF A PUBLIC MEETING IN GALVESTON, TEXAS.

From The Galveston News.

At a meeting of the citizens of Galveston, convened to take into consideration *the propriety of* PERMITTING *Lorenzo Sherwood to address the people in defence of his course in the last Legislature*, Col. Samuel M. Williams was called to the chair, and Alfred F. James appointed Secretary, when, after explaining the object of the meeting, it was

Resolved, That the following letter, prepared and read by Mr. Ballinger, be addressed to Mr. Sherwood, as embracing the views and sentiments of this meeting, in relation to his contemplated address:

GALVESTON, Monday, July 7, 1856.

LORENZO SHERWOOD, Esq.—*Sir:* At a public meeting of the citizens of Galveston, convened this morning at the Court-House, in consequence of your public notice that you would make an address this evening, in defence of your course in the last Legislature, it was unanimously resolved to notify you of the well-considered sentiments and resolute determination of the people of Galveston, as follows:

That your right, in common with every other citizen, to free opinion, free discussion, and the largest liberty of self-defence, is fully recognised, and will be respected. (?)

But there is one subject, connected with your *course in the Legislature—that of slavery—on which neither you nor any one entertaining your views will be permitted to appear before the community, in a public manner. That your views on that subject are unsound and dangerous is the fixed belief of this community, caused by your own speeches, writing and acts.*

We are aware that, either actually or seemingly, you wholly misapprehended the real views of the people of Texas, and suppose that, by *explanation and argument, you can make your anti-slavery theories and plans inoffensive and acceptable.* How far this should be attributed, on your part, to delusion, and how far to design, is not material. *The slavery subject is not one which is open to you before us.*

You are, therefore, EXPLICITLY AND PEREMPTORILY NOTIFIED THAT, IN YOUR SPEECH, YOU WILL NOT BE PERMITTED TO TOUCH, IN ANY MANNER, ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY, OR YOUR OPINIONS THEREON, EITHER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, OR BY WAY OF EXPLANATION, OR OTHERWISE. UNDER THE PRETEXT OF THE PERSONAL RIGHT OF SELF-DEFENCE, *you will not be tolerated in any attempt to defend your* course in the Legislature on this subject, which was an aggression on the rights, and an outrage on the feelings, of the State of Texas, and much more on those of the people of Galveston, whom you misrepresented, than any other.

The entire subject of slavery, in all its connections, IS FORBIDDEN GROUND, WHICH YOU SHALL NOT INVADE.

Your introduction of it in any manner will BE THE PROMPT SIGNAL FOR CONSEQUENCES TO WHICH WE NEED NOT ALLUDE.

It has been asserted that you have some supporters in this community upon that subject. We trust not. But if so, and if they have sufficient presumption to undertake to sustain you in any further discussion on this subject, before the people, THEY WILL MAKE THIS EVENING THE OCCASION FOR THE DEFINITE AND FINAL SETTLEMENT OF THAT ISSUE, BOTH AS TO YOU AND TO THEM.

We trust, however, that you will confine yourself to matters of legitimate public interest and discussion, and will not, hereafter, EITHER IN PUBLIC OR PRIVATE, further abuse the patience of a people with whom, on that question, you have no congeniality, and whom you wholly misunderstand.

This communication will be read to the assembled public before you proceed with your speech; and you will clearly understand, IS NOT TO BE THE SUBJECT OF ANY ANIMADVERSION BY *you.*

The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Wm. P. Ballinger, P. R. Edwards, Hamilton Stuart, Thomas M. Joseph, B. C. Franklin, Samuel M. Williams, F. H. Merriman, Oscar Farish, M. B. Menard, Noah John and Joseph J. Hendley.

Colonel Samuel M. Williams, Judge B. C. Franklin, Wm. P. Ballinger, Esq., and Colonel E. McLean were appointed a Committee to deliver to Mr. Sherwood a copy of the letter addressed to him by this meeting.

On motion of Hamilton Stuart, Esq., all *those opposed to the action taken by this meeting were requested to withdraw, whereupon* MESSRS. JOSEPH J. HENDLEY AND STEPHEN VAN SICKLE RETIRED.

The meeting then adjourned to meet again this evening at the place appointed by Mr. Sherwood to deliver his address. SAMUEL M. WILLIAMS, Chairman.

A. F. JAMES, Secretary.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

From the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, July 21.

WHATEVER differences of opinion may prevail upon other points, all will agree that Mr. Brooks, by his castigation of Sumner, has given to the public, North and South, a spell of very intense excitement. Newspapers and orators have rekindled their genius at the theme, while fanaticism has mingled its "shrieks for freedom" with the pitiable bleatings of poor Sumner. The whole affair has been most opportune. In the first place, Mr. Brooks has acquired, throughout the State and South, a wider popularity than speeches and votes in Congress could ever have given him. He has, from the first, conducted himself with good taste, good judgment, and good spirit. His letter to the Senate, his speech in Court, and, finally, his effort in the House, have all been characterized by these qualities. He will be received by his constituency with open arms, and sent in triumph back, to confront, and, if need, we trust, to punish, the enemies and calumniators of his State and the South.

In the next place, it has contributed greatly to the union of Southern men in Congress. We do not remember any act which has been so generally and heartily approved, from Maryland to Texas, as Mr. Sumner's castigation; and unanimity of sentiment in the people has reacted upon their representatives in Washington. On the other hand, the furious denunciations in every quarter of the North have developed the same feeling of unanimity among Northern representatives; and the result is, that the lines of sectionalism have been drawn deeper than ever before, to the disgust of party hacks, and the satisfaction of true men in the South. *We rejoice at any event which makes common cause at the South, and foreshadows her destiny as a separate and independent people.*

It has also contributed to a more complete vindication of the Revolutionary fame and history of South Carolina than was ever before made in Congress. The discussion has not only exposed the false assumptions of the North, of superiority during the Revolution, but convicted them, by every kind of testimony, even that of George Washington himself, of supineness, cupidity and cowardice. It has shown that Sumner, and Woodruff, and Comins, and Barlingame, are not the degenerate sons of noble sires, but the true and lineal descendants of the braggarts and cowards of the Revolution.

The speeches of Messrs. Butler and Evans, and, finally, the complete and conclusive speech of MR. KEITT—the conclusion of which we shall publish to-morrow—condemn, for the perusal of the North, facts which put to shame their impudent assumptions.

Mr. Sumner, and his champions in the House, Messrs. Pennington, Burlingame, Comins and Woodruff, will cherish no very pleasant memories of the affair. The former is dead in the esteem of every man not a poltroon, North and South. He has been personally branded, morally disgraced, and politically exposed, as a wilful falsifier of truth in the Senate. We cannot believe that any amount of fanatical sympathy or party clap-trap can save such a man from the living death of infamy and detestation which he so well merits. Wherever manhood is prized and truth admired, the name of Charles Sumner will descend upon the lips of men, from father to son, as the perfect synonym of cowardice and baseness. May such be the end of every calumniator of South Carolina.

And what of Sumner's champions, those valorous knights, who pranced so gallantly on the plain, and, like the army in Flanders, "swore terribly?" At the sound of the trumpet they dashed into the ring, and, at the appearance of the foe, dashed out again. Like their great prototype in the Senate, their courage exhausted itself in empty blustering, and, like him, they have been branded with the mark of infamy. Fit champions of New England fanaticism! Fit slanderers of South Carolina! Whither had fled the spirit of Bunker's Hill, upon the shadow of which all New England had been living for three-quarters of a century, that among all the rampant representatives there could not be found one to redeem it from dishonour?

Selections.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY,

At Framingham, Mass., July 4th, 1856.

From The Liberator.

MR. CHAIRMAN, my friend who spoke before me said the sovereignty of Massachusetts has gone. I have said that years ago. To me, it is no more true now than seven or ten years back. I was glad to hear it, however, from a new voice here to-day. I hope it will be the lamentation we shall hear from many voices, until there shall go up a wail so loud that it shall drown these cannon, and the lesser voices of smaller metal that flank them round about on every hand. It seems to me appropriate that those who can observe this day properly and rightly should observe it. If there may be any green spot on which the eyes of the mourning prophets and disappointed apostles may fasten, let it be among the Abolitionists; but, I fancy, we are only like the kindly ivy, that wraps the ruins of the Old World.

While I was away, there was only one thing that troubled me, so far as the anti-slavery movement went, and that was that we should make so much of what appeared to me very trifling events. Our friend (Mr. Swasey) alluded to the Republican party; we are constantly alluding to the Republican party, if any such party there be in the political world; but I think we deceive ourselves and the world, by these favourable assurances to that party. Not that I would by any means withhold the just meed of praise for every brave word spoken and every manly deed done; but I think our very commendations give an air of importance to these movements that are exceedingly unfortunate, not to say deleterious, to the anti-slavery cause. Suppose some Free Soil man does, once in a while, speak kindly—it is nothing to us. The best Free Soil men have no kind of appreciation of the anti-slavery movement; if they had, they would not be where they are. Why commend CHARLES SUMNER? I will not say he did not do well; but I think we clothe him and his party with an importance that does not at all attach to them, and I think we weaken our own strength, and somewhat retard the little progress we might make, by giving an air of importance to the most unimportant events that can possibly be conceived. What can the Republican party do towards rescuing this country from its present condition? It does not propose to redeem the slaves—no, not a single slave. The germ of the party sprang up from a kind of anti-slavery soil, and its origin was anti-slavery; it demanded the immediate and unconditional emancipation of every slave—not the slaves in the Territories or in the District of Columbia, but of every slave; but it has ended with ignoring the cause of the slave altogether. It does not recognise the question of slavery on the soil of America. There is but one anti-slavery plank in its platform, and that has no respect whatever to the millions of suffering slaves. It only proposes to put the country back where it was before the repeal of the Missouri restriction; and, surely, no political party ever yet has done quite what it proposed to do. What, then, is to be expected of this political party, if it succeed—as succeed it will not? Where does it leave us? where does it leave the slaves? We ought to say, I think, that that party, wherever it was in the beginning, has been declining, descending, until surely there is but one lower deep into which it can plunge, and that is the absolute ignoring of the whole question of slavery altogether. While these things are so, I think we ourselves make a mistake, and give a degree of importance to political movements which they never deserved, and which now they deserve less than ever before, by paying so much attention to them. For my own part, I feel as if we have no strength to waste unnecessarily, nothing to throw away in commendations, especially in commendations the tendency and result of which may be to weaken our own hands; for we have those constantly with us, such as were found in the apostolic age, who may be denominated weak in the faith, and who want only a smile of recognition of political action from the Abolitionists to plunge in it, and to their ruin. It is on that account that I think we shall do well if we apprehend the philosophy of our movement, and remember this, that it is not favourably affected by politics at all, and may be very unfavourably affected by them. We have nothing to hope, nothing to expect from them; we may have much at stake, and may lose much.

I do not love controversy well enough to be unnecessarily provoking a quarrel or discussion with any one; but I think our work is just what it would be if there were no such thing as political action or a political party. Our work is to redeem the heart and conscience of the country; and we have to rescue that heart and that conscience from the spirit of compromise which leads to *Republicanism*, not to Whiggery or Democracy. Everybody must, it seems to me, see that if there be any argument in support of the doctrine of "total depravity," it is to be found in the course and character of our churches and the old political parties; so that what we have to do to-day is to rescue the conscience and heart of the people from that spirit of compromise which goes into the Republican party, and is satisfied. Now this, I think, is true: if the Republican party is useful at all, it is useful as an agitating instrumentality, as a stirrer up of the country; and while it is out of power, it works in that way. While the election of Mr. Banks was pending in Congress, the party was active, was alive; but the moment he was elected, then what came? What kind of a Clerk was appointed? What kind of Committees were appointed? What Congress has more dishonoured itself by subserviency to the Slave Power than this Congress? And, with such a platform as the Republican party has constructed, what could be more unfortunate, so far as the agitation of the country is concerned, than the triumph of that party, inasmuch as it would result in such consequences as have always followed whenever the party has succeeded in any local election? On the other hand, if Mr. Buchanan should be elected, the aggressions of slavery would go on; then the agitation would go on; and it seems to me that what we have to do is to seize the present condition of the country, stir up the people, and turn the popular excitement to our account, not to that of Republicanism. The work to be done in our country is continually to rouse up, influence, inspire the people; and it is on that account I would still adhere, as I have ever adhered, to the great moral and religious agitation of the subject, letting the Free Soil party as much alone as they let us alone. And suppose we should do that?—did you ever think of it? We fill our papers with their speeches; which of our speeches gets to the public in the Free Soil papers? I suspect some of our oldest and bravest men are capable of making addresses worthy of being read by the Free Soil party. When have the papers of that party given us their readers? They ignore us altogether; and I think the best we could do would be to ignore them; for by the recognition of them, so continually as we do, we are playing into their hands, to our own loss.

Then we judge a man too much by some one act or speech. CHARLES SUMNER made a brave speech, and the hand of a ruffian was lifted violently against him, and he was smitten down. CHARLES SUMNER'S own right hand was lifted against Brooks's slaves, and he had sworn, a few months before, that if the slaves of Preston Brooks should rise upon him, and resist his authority, he would assist in caning those slaves down; and if gutta percha would not do it, the sword and bayonet must ("hear, hear"). Now, we have a great deal of sympathy for Mr. Sumner, but he had made a bargain with Preston Brooks against his slaves; and if Great Britain—as seems not unlikely just now—comes over and undertakes to free the slaves of the South, Mr. Sumner has sworn that he will aid the slaveholders in preserving the order and the law of the Southern Warsaws! Now, our sympathies are not drawn out too much towards Mr. Sumner; I would not love him the less; but I think we would do well to love Brooks's slaves a little (loud applause), and not forget altogether the millions of victims, who, unlike Mr. Sumner, are not loaded with sympathy and honours, but, on the other hand, of whom it may be said, most emphatically, in the lamentation of the old Hebrew, "On the side of the oppressor there is power; and they have no comforter" ("hear, hear"). I fear, Mr. Chairman, we do not appreciate, all of us, the importance of treating things as they are, and calling them by their right names.

Then, again, HENRY WILSON made a very brave defence of Massachusetts, and of the Senator from Massachusetts, in the Senate, and we joined in applauding Senator Wilson. But what have been his antecedents? It seems to me that we have a right to judge him by his life, rather than by one single act. I think it is a historical fact that he went out of the Free Soil party, when its nominee for Governor, and betrayed the interests of his own party, sold it out to the Know-Nothings; and, indeed, I do not know of what political party he has not been a member. Now I do not say this to censure Senator Wilson, but only to call your attention to the fact that we are too much in the habit of judging men by some one word or act. Some of you have been carrying on this anti-slavery warfare for five and twenty years, and I think the course of the Abolitionists has been a uniform course, and you have brought the movement out of, or, at least, *through*, much tribulation. These men now, at the end of a quarter of a century, find it easy, comparatively, to be Abolitionists; but then I do not think they "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." I do not find any very friendly recognition of our movement in the Republican papers, religious or political. It is not very long since I saw, in one of the principal religious organs, the noble leader of our movement (Mr. Garrison) described, with some others, as a "degraded infidel" ("hear, hear"). And it is not very long since I saw it stated, in another leading Free Soil paper (the Hartford *Courant*), that the Republican party is the white man's party, and the editor says he has no fancy for the African race; he is willing they should be slaves. That sentiment, I think, is one generally entertained by the great body of the new auxiliaries of the Republican party; and wherever Republicanism flourishes, just as in the time of the Buffalo platform, all the broken-down politicians, the disappointed office-seekers, and the entire conclave of forgotten and disappointed ones, rush in and endeavour to make as good a salvage as possible; and through our help many of them succeeded in the Buffalo platform times, and they will now. But what became of those men who supported the Buffalo platform? I think at that time they gave Martin Van Buren 270,000 odd votes; but, four years after, they could muster only 163,000 for John P. Hale, on a little higher platform. I judge men not by one act, but by their whole lives. I should be sorry to be judged myself by any one act of my life, for I should fear that some one very good act might be taken, and then I should be thought better of than I deserve, or else that some extremely bad act would be taken, and then I fear I might be underrated even by my best friends and worst foes both.

It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, it would be well for us not to allow our sympathy for CHARLES SUMNER—I know that it is honourable and complimentary to human nature, that it rises at such a time, like the ocean in a storm, to flood tide—but I think it would be well for us not to allow that sympathy by and by to turn and deluge ourselves. It is on that account I have felt obliged to make the few remarks I have; and I think I may surely say, in sitting down, that what I have said has come rather from the heart than from the head.

A TRUMPET-BLAST FROM THE PULPIT.

[Extract of a Sermon, preached at Washington, D. C., July 6, 1856, by REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY.]

THE times approach us at present with the stature and solemnity of eternities. Minds which are alive may learn by a daily touch of the telegraph more than a lifetime one generation back could teach. In the terrible current of events, the hair whitens in a night.

When I left you, friends, it was with the beautiful music of peace wafted on Eastern winds to our ears. I return to you when the first sad notes of civil war come on Western winds, and a great heap of black cloud lies along the gloomy horizon, sending out in fitful flashes its fiery sword.

* * * * * *

With the grief, the tears of the war [in Europe] just closed fresh upon us; with the blood of seven hundred thousand men crying to us, *pause;* with the wailings of bereaved women and children filling the air; this nation is going steadily toward a war, which, should it come, will be the darkest, deadliest, and most awful, which ever cursed this planet. All other war yields to civil war in terror. If one comes, and it seems inevitable where two sections have lost the last vestige of respect for each other, ten generations will scarcely see it concluded. Read the histories of civil wars. No young man ever glowed with enthusiasm over *them*, as over great national encounters. They turn the heart sick.

Whilst these fresh red drops are falling, let every man, who will stand by the Prince of Peace, unfurl that holy banner, and stand by it forever. Were Christ on earth, there would he be found standing.

Of course, it would be a waste of breath to appeal to slavery for peace. As well appeal to the fang of the serpent not to strike as to that poisoned fang of hell, Human Slavery, not to send, by any means it can command, its deadly virus into the fresh young blood of Freedom. Why should we expect this monster to change its instincts? Can a leopard change its spots? Is there anything incompatible in buying and selling men and women, made in the image of God, on the block, and a violation of the most sacred compacts? Is it anything wonderful, when tearing babes from their mothers, husbands from their wives—scenes which passed my unconscious childhood as an amazing panorama of the Pit, to raise within me at last, thank God, a hatred of slavery which shall never cease, save with the last heart-throb; never, till this tongue is dust again—is it, I ask, anything wonderful, when all this, in the South, becomes, in Kansas, murder, robbery and arson? Is there anything unnatural, when oppression and brutality toward the weak and helpless, in Carolina, become dastardly and cowardly assassination of the unforewarned and defenceless, in Washington? Nothing unnatural, say the South, in endorsing those men who have wormed their way into power by the very slime they secrete, and use it to lift themselves on the happiness of millions. Nothing, they repeat, in universal representative sanction of a crime which would have been a scratch, but for their sanction; which makes the word *Union* a satire, and virtually says to half the men in this land, "There is no point of honour between us. The lowest white Southerner must be forewarned and challenged, or the assailant loses caste forever. But you, Northerners, shall be beaten as we beat dogs; we do not forewarn our dogs when we beat them."

Living in the midst of slavery, I have ever felt that it was dishonest and wrong that the Northern men should not know *how we are trained to despise Yankees as worse than anything else;* how it is nearly a proverb, that *there is no gentleman North of Mason and Dixon's line. Gutta percha* is very honest, at any rate, and places the matter frankly before the freemen of this country. It is well if even the devils become honest, real devils, and conceal nothing in their hearts.

No, I make no appeal to slavery to bring us peace; I would be a hypocrite to do so—and hypocrisy is worse than war; but on you, freemen and friends of humanity, I call to lend all your efforts for peace; to stand and shed your blood, if need be, for peace.

True, not the most infinitely small atom of principle must be conceded for peace. Better this country should sink beneath an ocean of blood than one of the rights of Humanity be surrendered, than the supreme law of Justice to all men fail. But, for these, strive to "fight through all the forms of peace," knowing that the success of your cause depends on standing on your ground even to death, not on your overcoming the men who oppose it. He is nothing, and can do nothing against your cause, if it is right.

It would be a sad, deplorable victory of slavery over Liberty—worse than any it ever got—if the barbarous code of duelling should be consented to as the true one to settle the disputes of sections of men. The boar selects tushes, the bee a sting.

> "Its power to hurt
> Each creature feels;
> Bulls use their horns, and
> Asses lift their heels."

Slavery takes naturally to bludgeons or pistols. Freedom should as naturally take to reason, truth of thought, speech and act, and that courage, not animal, which can bravely stand for God and Right, and be shot down, if that is the thing to be done.

But, must we not resist an assault? it is inquired. It is never right deliberately to prepare for it; and if resistance should be the best thing, when the movement comes, instruction and strength will flow from God and nature; then your resistance will be as healthy as the inevitable lightning. Leave it to nature. She is the best teacher, and no absolute rule can be made. Tooth is necessary, but take care it does not become fang. One is animal, the other human. So are war and a proper resistance very different—the one animal, the other human.

As soon as war in Kansas becomes inevitable, as it will be when it is decided that the present policy towards that Territory is to be continued, *we should all earnestly turn our attention to disunion.* The blood which has stained the free soil of Kansas, and stained the floor of the Senate from her ablest advocate, is the vicarious ransom of the North for her past sins of servility and compromise. That blood has blotted out all traditionary bonds and amenities between slavery and freedom. The friends of liberty now stand *free*—free to be guided by their own law; bound by no compact but their compact with God; under no covenant with any, save their wronged and suffering brothers. Now, for once, freedom steps forth untrammelled by any rose-water talk of sectional courtesies, sacred compacts, and the like; she has room now for a free use of all her strength; we fear not the encounter with slavery.

We only need, now, that this new strength of Freedom should be rightly directed to save us from civil war. We can see that the strength is coming, though as yet it but "sees men as trees"; we see it in the houses half finished, which may now be pointed out in the North, the workmen sent away that more money may go to Lawrence; in the fact that those who give most for this end, give most in the North, are those who never voted for a Republican in their lives: in the fact that the States are fast forming in a line in opposition to every claim of slavery which is not found surrendered on the very face of the Constitution. This is right. Let them know that, though the branches should be pruned, the tap-root of Border Ruffianism lies deep in the human subsoil of Washington. Let them send *men here*—not invertebrate animals! who will bend from the honest truth to dodge a blow; but "men, high-minded men, who know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

Brothers, this Union, freighted with so many hopes and joys, is worth another effort to save it. In this awful crisis, it is the sum of the Law and the Prophets, of the Old and New Testaments, the sum and substance of them all, that every man should enter, with all the force that is in him, into this work. Voting rises to the solemnity and dignity of prayer. Rear your defences, O freemen! Let Mount Washington, and Quincy Granite, and Plymouth Rock, be brought here in human shape, to speak the word of death to that demon, which, having enslaved three and a half millions of negroes, would now conquer thirty millions of men with Saxon blood in their veins!

And let it be, once for all, seen and recognised by you who love freedom, that the cause you have adopted is the most sacred of all causes. It is the Christianity of to-day. Remember that the system which you have been adjured by all the ties, fraternities, memories, courtesies, which ever did or did not exist, to tolerate and submit to, is one whose roots are in the lowest basement of man's nature; whose trunk has been ignorance and degradation to white and black—causing the statistics of Virginia to show sixty thousand white adults, to-day, who cannot read or write; whose blossoms have been slave-auctions, slave-burnings, Nebraska bills, Missouri Ruffianism, Congressional Ruffianism, fugitive slave hunts. These are its blossoms: what its fruit shall be, God alone knows! It is this system which you, men of the free States, have continually invited to triumph and riot, and thought that it would treat you more tenderly than it did negro mothers and their babes. Then the power whereby you are at present an almost subjugated people is your own folly.

"Dear foxes," you have said with feeling, "we wish our geese to wander in your rich thickets, that they may grow fat. Do not, we pray you, annoy them. We send them out with entire confidence that you will not molest, but will even protect them." "Let them come," say the foxes, "they shall be welcome to our rich thickets." Then going carelessly on a week after, you find every bramble covered with white feathers, and slowly on your amazed perceptions dawns the truth that, since the foundations of the earth were laid, the eternal laws of the universe, ethical and physical, have arranged that foxes shall slay and eat geese. Slavery is no abstraction; it is a great black fact, to tell the fearful tendencies of which no tongue has yet been formed from the dust. You can expect nothing of it: and, remember, it is not the foxes who are blameworthy, but those who committed their geese to their tender mercies.

And let one other thing be remembered—it is a sad thing to say—*nobody can be trusted on this subject.* If it were only a man that God made, he might be voted for in the faith that he would do right. But, for every man in this country, slavery has a bribe at every pore, and a lash over all who will not obey its behests. It is even in our Church, and whipped that thin-skinned convention of time-servers at Chicago into servility, dragging Unitarianism, baptized in freedom, into their maudlin fears. I feel the presence of its great, infernal power in this house to-day—there lurking amongst you, whispering—"Don't stand such preaching as this: if you do, your friends will turn away from you, and you will be called an Abolitionist." It is up here whispering to me—"If you do not stop this preaching against slavery, it will have its cudgel over your head—your friends will be fewer even than they are now." Get thee behind me, cunning Devil! I will tell on thee. I will say to Northern men, "Trust none but those who are distinctly committed to the right side in every way possible—committed in white and black, by temperament, by their whole lives, by all the associations and pursuits of their lives, so that even selfishness necessitates the right side."

I have not the least doubt, from what I have myself seen in Washington, that if the angels Gabriel and Michael should descend, and be elected Senators of a free State, without the most distinct understanding as to their course on this question, we should find them popping champagne with the minions of slavery, and coming to the celestial faith that the people of the territories should be left perfectly free to arrange their own institutions, with the single consideration that they should be shot and have their houses burnt over them, if they should so arrange them as not to suit the South. I believe it would be unsafe to trust any of the hierarchy, so long as any question was unanswered.

Oh, thou slave king! thy days are nearly numbered. Weighed art thou in the balances, and found wanting! Thanks to the dear God, every free soul in this land has heard on the West wind the burden of the olden prophecy—"Arise, for this matter belongeth unto thee; be of good courage, and do it." Let the full fact burst upon us, that 350,000 men, the entire number of slaveholders, are keeping thirty millions in deadly commotion and feud, fast leading to civil war; that one more inch of United States territory given to slavery implies that every man, woman and child in the North is a slave; that the pro-slavery representation of Kansas, which is larger than all New England, would, should it be admitted, checkmate all the anti-slavery power in Congress, for five centuries, and make the Union absolutely intolerable. Let each man feel that his personal manhood is involved, and that crawling in the dust is not living. Whatever be our occupation, let us strike the task, and join to save the State. Let the artist see that he cannot be so good an artist, nor find so much patronage, as if this was settled. Let the farmer see that labour is degraded and agriculture clogged. Let the man of letters see that the special faculty is mixed and maimed by these inlaid spirits of duty, whose clamour drowns all other spirits. Let the moralist see that it is the fountain of public and private corruption; that in it the olden prophecy is fulfilled. "Because iniquity doth abound, the love of many shall wax cold." Thus each man, approaching the fact from his own office, by his own door, shall find that, as the form of man cannot be found on the same geological plain with the vast extinct monsters which need primeval marshes for their element, so the highest spiritual manhood cannot coëxist with this dragon, poisoning the air. Thus has the Infinite Father of African and Caucasian made it one cause with them. If the North should consent to slavery extension, it would now forfeit not only all nobility, which many could yield because they have none, but all their interests, which they cannot yield. Every spirit which can be roused against it is now roused. Nature is now in labour with millions of human hearts which shall be sent on earth to cry to this guilt—*Anathema Maranatha!* We all live in a different country from that of six weeks ago. I trust we have all undergone the birth adapted to the new conditions. What is the praise or blame when it is unfolded, all we are born to be or do?

One thing is now forever settled, that the subject is to be definitely dealt with. It is up now, and cannot be put down by any power, nor postponed. Henceforth, no freeman is ever going to be quiet. It is idle to think of it. Go to Mary, as she sits beneath the cross whereon her only Son hangs, with five ghastly wounds, and bid her calm her grief. Never, till she sees him arise from the tomb, shall she be calmed. So we, sitting here under the very shadow of the cross where Freedom hangs crucified, with those five bleeding wounds which the last ten years have given, in each of which is a tongue of fire—how shall we be quieted? It cannot be! Not until the resurrection morn of Freedom rises on our land shall we cease to weep, and pray, and watch by the sepulchre. Already, oh my brothers, I hear the flutter of the angel's wings, as he comes to roll away the stone, and break the seal of the Slave Power!

Let us all be ready, standing, awaiting the victory of God. The mountain is indeed high and strong; our strength is small; our might weakness. But if each one surrenders himself this day, and henceforth, to be the passive instrument of the best instinct striving in him, his acts will cease to be the work of a mere man, and rise to the grandeur and influence of direct acts of God. Each one can now be a workman for God, his visible finger visiting and moulding the affairs of men. I beseech you, oh Christians, yield yourselves thus! Lend a hand to the great cause of God and man; and know that success is certain. The tongue of God hath spoken it. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

A REMINISCENCE.

From The Free Presbyterian.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Among the emigrants who lately left this place to swell the number of Free State settlers in Kansas was Henry Williams, a highly respected member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. That you may know the kind of stuff he is made of, and whether he is the man for the times, I send you the following incident in his history which now for the first time is made public.

In the year 1826, Mr. Williams was returning to his home from a trip down the Ohio river, in company with two other persons. On the National Road, between Claysville and Wheeling, they met a man driving a coffle of slaves, all marching two abreast, their wrists tied together with strips of raw hide. The man rode a fine-looking horse and was armed with whip and pistols and the other implements of his trade. Two of the slave women had children in their arms; and as they lagged behind a little, the driver would give them a cut with his long whip to hurry them on, much after the fashion of a Western drover when the cows and calves don't keep up with the rest of the herd. Mr. Williams had often heard of human beings treated as slaves and driven to market in gangs like horses, but he had never till then witnessed such a scene. His whole soul was therefore roused into indignation at the sight, and, without a moment's hesitation, he proposed to his fellow-travellers that if th y would stand beside him, he would release the poor heart-broken wretches, and give them their liberty. The slaves had been bought up for a plantation in Louisiana, and, having been dragged away from their friends and relatives, were overwhelmed with distress. Mr. Williams's companions, affected like himself with the heart-rending sight, instantly complied with his proposal, and promised to see him through. Williams then hailed the driver of the gang and asked him where he was bound for? "To Wheeling," was the reply. "What are you going to do with all these coloured people that you have tied together?" "They are slaves," said the driver; "I am going to take them to Wheeling to ship them there for Louisiana." "But what *right* have you to do this? These people have as good a claim to their liberty as you have." By this time the gang had stopped, and were listening with deep emotion to the colloquy between their master and the travellers. "I bought these niggers in the neighbourhood and paid my money for them," said the driver, "and I reckon I have the best right to them." "But," replied Williams, "you might as well buy me and take me away as these people. I say again, they have as good a right to their liberty as you have to yours—and they shall have it, too." With this he stepped forward and took the bridle reins of his horse and ordered the slavedriver to dismount. Instead of doing so, however, he drew from his holsters a large horse pistol and swore he would blow the brains out of any man who stopped him. "You need not shoot," said one of the other men, as he saw the slavedriver aim his pistol at Williams's head, "for you can only kill one man; and if you do, you had better say your last prayer, for you are a dead man." "Get off your horse," thundered Williams, in a tone which taught the slavedriver that he had met with ugly customers. "If you do, not a hair of your head shall be hurt; and be quick about it, for these poor creatures shall go free." Being rather slow in the motion, the travellers helped him off. One of the party took the horse and hitched him to a tree hard by, and the other two removed the kidnapper to a sapling on the other side of the road. Here they removed his neck-handkerchief, and, having made a rope of it, tied his hands behind him and around the sapling. Williams then took out his knife, and, having cut the raw hide thongs which bound the slaves together, said to them, "Now put to your scrapers, my good fellows, and no more than two go together. And you," addressing himself to a couple of stout, active men, "take care of these women and children." The slaves, with a look of gratitude never to be forgotten, and with an "alacrity" truly Websterian, obey the orders and dash off into the woods like a flock of sheep.

Mr. Williams then went to the driver with the sapling at his back, and, after a brief abolition lecture, told him to halloo to the first decent-looking traveller that came along, who would untie him and let him go on his way rejoicing. Bidding him farewell, the travellers pursued their journey towards Pittsburg, where in due time they arrived. They then separated, and Mr. Williams went to his home, some miles from the city.

In a few weeks after, having business at Pittsburg, Mr. Williams stopped at a hotel, and, while waiting for dinner, took up one of the newspapers and in it read a prominent advertisement, offering a large reward for the apprehension of the twenty-two negroes, and especially the three "ruffians" who liberated them. An accurate description was given of the "ringleader," his looks and particularly his dress. Mr. Williams read the advertisement with considerable interest, but of course said nothing. He listened to the remarks made by different persons in regard to the matter, some few approving and others not, but never breathed a word of it to a human being, not even to his own wife, for many years afterwards. I almost forgot to say that the advertisement stated the fact that all the slaves made good their escape but *two*, probably the poor women, with their children. Could the fact of the rescue have been proven, it might have cost the parties their property and their liberty, for at that time Abolitionists were rather scarce in the country. They therefore wisely heard what people had to say of the act, but kept the secret to themselves.

Last Winter, Mr. Williams, being confined to his room by sickness, sent me word that he would like me to go over and sit a few hours with him. I did so, and, during the interview, he gave me the substance of what I have written. As it was a "Jerry Rescue" which antedates the one at Syracuse by more than a score of years, I, in admiration of the heroic act, done at *such* a time, and *such* a place, and under *such* circumstances, have rescued it from oblivion, and given it to your readers. B.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

OUR Government, which is a very zealous slavecatcher, and glories in elevating the Fugitive Slave act above all laws, human or Divine, appears to be very kind and tender to the African slave trade which is carried on clandestinely by vessels fitted out at our ports. It never allows a slavetrader to be punished, and seldom allows one of their vessels to be disturbed when fitting out for a voyage. The slaves brought from Africa by these pirates are introduced, not only into Cuba, but also into some of the more Southern of our slave States. It is said that slavers now sail almost every week from New York, where Judge Betts, Commissioner Morton, and other Government officials, make it almost impossible for the law to interfere with them. Another case has just come up in New York. G. J. Figaniere, a Portuguese merchant of that city, has been held for trial on a charge of fitting out the schooner *Altivie*, alias Onward, for the slave trade, last March. A principal witness in this case is a man named Andrew Wilson, one of the crew of the Mary E. Smith, a slaver which sailed from Boston last Fall. Wilson has made a statement. He says:

"I arrived in Boston in July, 1855, from a three years' whaling voyage; the money in which I had been paid off—as the wages of sailors generally do—soon disappeared, and I was obliged to go, again, to sea; I engaged as seaman on board the schooner *Mary E. Smith;* the captain told me the vessel was going to Montevideo, South America; we were not many days out before I discovered that the destination of the vessel had been misrepresented to me, and that, instead of going to South America, she was bound to the Coast of Africa on a slaving expedition; I found that the same imposition had been practised upon nearly all the crew; the second mate, among the rest, was imposed upon; the captain tried to smooth the deception over; said he was obliged to take this course, otherwise it would be nearly impossible to make out a crew. As the best satisfaction he could offer, he promised us all good wages; this latter proffer acted as a salve to most, for the pay promised seemed fabulous in amount; the agreement with ordinary seamen was $600, to go to the Coast of Africa and thence to Cuba, from which place the passage of each would be paid home; in addition to this, each was to have the privilege of taking two negroes to Cuba to sell; sailor that I was, I had too much of the New England blood in my veins to sell myself to engage in the slave traffic; as I was situated, however, I could do nothing else but seemingly acquiesce; the second mate, I ascertained, felt as I did."

On reaching the coast of Africa, Wilson and the second mate deserted from the ship and went to a "slave factory" or "barracoon" near Cape Padron. It will be remembered that the Mary E. Smith was afterwards captured, with her cargo of slaves, by a Brazilian man-of-war. The barracoon where Wilson and the mate sought refuge was in charge of a Mr. Farre, the agent of a Lisbon merchant. The mate died there, and Wilson was afterwards sent on board the

Congress still proposes to act as a benevolent establishment. All Southerners are to have their distresses relieved by it "without distinction." "From whatever region," says the Constitution, "a Southerner may come, he can find friends and be protected." This will be cheering news to a large number of Southerners who are travelling North this season, and who have hitherto had no friends and no protection except from the conductors and purveyors of the Underground Railroad. The number of such Southerners is now currently reported to be very large, and their situation powerfully appeals to the sympathies of all humane persons. They may well rejoice that so highly-respectable and powerful an association has been formed to protect them "without distinction," "from whatever region they may come." As a matter of course, the place of business and the names of the officers who direct this Society are not made public in the pamphlet which has been sent us; but should we become acquainted with them, we shall be happy to impart the information privately to any one who may desire to know.

SPEECH OF HENRY B. STANTON,

In the Democratic Conference, at Syracuse, July 24th, 1856.

Mr. Stanton said that his name had been frequently called during the sitting of the Convention, and he would now dispose of the matter in a few words. He came as a spectator—not as an actor. Being a cautious man, he took an early train on the Republican railroad, and, being a little ahead of the Convention in point of time, was excluded from taking part as a delegate, by a technicality of the call.

But, sir, it is not necessary for me to declare where I stand upon this question. It is not necessary for me to say that I am for Fremont, the pathfinder of empire (enthusiastic applause). It has filled me with inexpressible joy to be an outside, but not uninterested, spectator of this resurrection of the Wilmot Proviso—this insurrection of the Radical Democracy of New York.

During the last eight years my voice has often been heard in the ears of the Democracy, but I have not been a member of a Democratic Convention since 1849, for I never would put myself in a position where I would be bound by the action of any Convention on the subject of human slavery. And though many will say—and I myself say—that I have been silent when I might have spoken, whenever I have spoken upon this subject, my voice has uttered but one language.

Sir, it is my opinion that we are here, to-day, engaged in a movement which is to determine whether this great subject is to have a peaceable or a forcible solution. I am for the peaceable solution.

> "There is a weapon firmer set
> And surer than the bayonet:
> A weapon that descends as still
> As snow-flakes falling on the sod;
> That executes a freeman's will
> As lightning does the will of God."

I am for solving this problem by the ballot-box; and if this cannot be done, I will not say what boxes the people will resort to next. But we say the Territories must remain free—peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. In that contest we will, in the language of our fathers, "hold the Slave Power as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war; in peace, friends."

Sir, I see it has done you all good to be here to-day. It has done my excellent friend (Mr. Field) good, who, nine years ago, inaugurated the Wilmot Proviso in Syracuse. The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner, embodied in the person of John C. Fremont.

Sir, there are many sick, lame, and halt, and blind, and sore-headed in the ranks of the Democracy. There is a prescription for all these—a panacea—it is painted on every fence and wall from New York to Buffalo. It is this: "Use the Mustang Liniment."

I must relate an anecdote which I used to tell, but which I have not told for eight years, because I haven't had anybody to tell it to (laughter). An old negro preacher (and it may be the more appropriate, as we are on the "nigger question")—an old negro preacher, once expounding and explaining to his coloured brethren, from the sacred desk, said to them: "My belubbed bredderin, dar am two roads through dis life; and we all trabel one or tudder of these roads. One ob 'em leads right down to damnation, and de tudder leads straight up to perdition." An old negro, standing in the rear, rushed forward in great consternation, and said, "If dat am so, dis nigger will put for de hills."

Now, this illustrates the position of parties at this time. Here is the highway of the Democratic party, with James Buchanan, leading right down to damnation; and, on the other hand, we have Fillmore leading right up to perdition; and we have cut not for the hills, but for the Rocky Mountains (great laughter). And he, our brave and heroic leader, who, on the 15th of August, 1852, with a ramrod fixed in the snow, unfurled the flag of his country—the glorious stars and stripes—on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, to wave where flag never waved before, will, with his own right hand, again unfurl that flag, pledging victory throughout the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Sir, a man has but to touch the public pulse to see how strong it beats in unison with the great mission of the Republican party. Victory is ours if we have the faith to take it.

When Bonaparte, at the age of twenty-five, crossed the eternal Alps, as he reached the apex, he pointed in rapture to the beautiful Italy that lay stretched out before them and exclaimed, "Italy is ours."

In this struggle we are going up the Alps. If we conquer in Kansas, all the Italy of this whole subject is ours. We have declared for State rights; and though, we may not live to see the day, our children will see it when, with the rights of the States and the interests of the slaveholders unimpaired, there shall not be a slave in all this land, there shall not be a slave to water our soil with his sweat, nor crimson it with his blood (applause).

J. SCOTT HARRISON, BULLY BROOKS AND THE PIG!

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: Bully Brooks thanked the ten Northern doughfaces, not forgetting J. Scott Harrison, who voted to shield him from expulsion. Scott Harrison has won laurels in the same direction before. He lives close to slaveholding Kentucky, in the furthest corner of Ohio. When I saw him, he was rich, owned a large part of a township, and was a sort of feudal lord among his tenants. His spirit was that of a slaveholder, if, indeed, he is not one.

In the Spring or latter part of the Winter of 1843, some of his townsmen desired to have a free discussion upon the subject of slavery, and obtained permission to hold it in the Presbyterian Church. The pastor was favourable to the discussion, and among the speakers were to be two eloquent men from Cincinnati—Samuel Lewis, since deceased, and the Rev. J. Blanchard, now the accomplished President of a Western College. Notices of the meeting were circulated, when lo! J. Scott Harrison and his minions got together and resolved, in slavocratic style, that their neighbours should not hold the meeting! I was then a member of Lane Theological Seminary, under the instructions of the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, Prof. Stowe, and others. It being reported at the Seminary that a mob was organizing and a row threatened, I readily assented to the proposal of some of the students to get aboard the steamer with the Cincinnati speakers and go down.

Landing at the North Bend, we passed the mansion and the tomb of the lamented Gen. Harrison, on our way to the church. The doors of the meeting-house were barred against its pastor and the friends of Freedom. The mob was there. Scott Harrison appeared as the organ or captain of the mob, and a brainless young man, holding a still younger hog by the tail, as lieutenant. The pig was not "striped," but the young man was—having arrayed himself in a "coat of many colours." Scott Harrison made us a speech, hinting that if we attempted to go into the house of God, something terrible would happen. *He* "would not be responsible for the consequences." Perhaps we should have been served as Bully Brooks served Sumner, for his party had plenty of great bludgeons. While he spoke, the pig and the mob were quiet; but when, on the other side, a gifted champion of Freedom opened his mouth, the pig and the mob renewed their music—the signal being given by the striped lieutenant pinching the pig's tail. We were in the street and the mud. Harrison, Pig & Co. were near the church. It was suggested that we open our meeting by prayer, and the noble Lewis knelt in the street and offered up a fervent appeal to the Throne of Grace. Many hearts were moved, but not the heart of J. Scott Harrison, any more than of his striped lieutenant and the pig. The Trustees of the Methodist Church, which was a mile distant, came forward and offered their house to the assembled multitude. They hastened and warmed up the house for a warm and eloquent meeting, which lasted two days. Capt. Harrison's mob and bluster had called together "much people," many of whom became deeply interested. A Judge, who had felt no sympathy with such meetings, came twenty miles to show that he was in favour of free speech. Scott Harrison kept away—then as now loving darkness rather than light. His imps mobbed the house of his own minister, and they prowled after the speakers with cudgels, rotten eggs, &c., as we returned to the steamboat; but all escaped safely from their folly and fury.

On the boat were civil Kentucky slaveholders and others. President Blanchard made them a brilliant speech as we were proceeding to Cincinnati. They listened like gentlemen. Of the pig and of Scott Harrison I never heard more, till the latter was delegated, in an evil hour, to go to Congress, there to betray Liberty and to receive the dying thanks, as it were, of Bully Brooks, for screening "that great ruffian," and thus trampling on freedom of debate in the high halls of the nation, just as he trampled on it, a dozen years before, in his own church and neighbourhood.

Yours, for Truth and Justice, E. Chadwick.

Starkey Seminary, Eddytown P. O., New York.

Mr. Harrison (son of President Harrison) has been repudiated in this style by a meeting of his constituents at Cheviot:

"Whereas, the Hon. John Scott Harrison has repudiated, in Congress, the great principles upon which he was elected, thus betraying the confidence of his constituents, and grossly misrepresenting them; therefore, we, a portion of his constituents, do repudiate, &c."

THE HIGHER LAW.

[In the Market Hall, at Syracuse, on every Sunday afternoon, there is a religious meeting for the discussion of a topic selected beforehand—the floor being free to all, without distinction of sect, party or opinion, and each speaker being limited to ten minutes. On a recent occasion, the Higher Law was the subject, when the following speech was delivered by Mr. Charles D. B. Mills.]

We hear, to satiety, Mr. Chairman, of rights, of the absolute right of States to control their own affairs, to establish and maintain their own institutions of whatever character; the right of the sovereign people to make their own laws of whatever sort, and the paramount duty of the individual in all cases to submit and obey. We are admonished, with all the solemn gravity of one who should expect to be believed, of the rights guaranteed by the glorious Constitution, rights of Southern States in this Confederacy to possess and enjoy their own property, of Southern citizens to go whithersoever they list, bearing along with them their institutions, their chattels personal, free from interference or obstruction, nay, welcomed and shielded with protection by their loyal Northern neighbours.

Sir, all rights are bound up in rectitude; their exercise and enjoyment is always and everywhere, and solely in the direction of Truth and Justice. The right of any man or combination of men to inflict wrong, to perpetrate upon their fellows outrage, robbery, murder, is a flat impossibility, and its attempted assertion a foul, flagrant lie, so glaring, blasphemous, malignant, so monstrously atrocious as to defy all the powers of human belief. What absurdity to speak of the right of a freebooter to plunder, of a pirate to rob, of the assassin to murder! And it is invested with no higher character, it gains no fresh significance and worth from the power of numbers. Let a single man enter this hall to-day, and lay violent hands on this quiet brother who sits here before me, dashing him to the floor, fastening chains on his limbs, and driving him forth, beneath insults and blows, to a life of utter subjugation to all those demands which unbridled appetite and all-devouring passion, which eager rapacity and wanton cruelty, and greedy lust may set up, and there is not one in this house, even the smallest child, that would not rise in spontaneous opposition and resistance. The ruffian might assure us that we had no occasion for excitement, that he was simply proceeding in the exercise of his own rights, rights recognised and protected by sacred law, the supreme voice of the great people. Shall numbers, by their magic, all-powerful ballot, transmute a lie into a truth, a wrong into a right? Shall a vote, how overwhelming soever, transform and sanctify crime, arming it with authority, and covering it with the shield of all sovereign justice? The voice of our common nature would shout in clear and emphatic denial, and these walls ring and echo with the indignant No!

They can do this when they can instal folly and malignity on the throne in the Heavens—when they can inscribe a worthless, damning lie among those eternal statutes which stand graven forever on the pillars of the Universe.

A Union founded in robbery, consummated in murder, and perpetuated by slavery, a Constitution drenched in absurdity and dripping with crime, a Government fattening on the life-blood of its own subjects, a very cannibal devouring its own defenceless children, assailing as traitors and outlaws any who regard them with pity, or stand beside them for protection! Why, how will you commend that to the confidence and veneration, or even endurance, of a savage? It is worthy only and forever of execration and abhorence, and resistance, from the deepest depths of all that is human within us. Can we not refuse to bow in respect and obedience before such a monster, without involving ourselves in the guilt of plunging into disorder and anarchy? Why, the whole thing is disorder, embodied on the show of order, and setting up its pretences accordingly. It is organized lawlessness usurping the name and claiming the authority of law. Lawlessness, injustice therefore in its most hideous, hateful form, under its most malignant, murderous type, written on statute books, presiding on benches, controlling the executive arm, issuing martial mandates to suppress insurrection at point of bayonet, and followed and obeyed by troops of abject minions and dastardly tools—anarchy wearing the cloak and claiming the prerogative of sacred Government. Under such dogmas and such usurpations, their legitimate offspring and fruit, *no rights* are really recognised and protected; the liberty of every freeman is suspended, so far as liberty can at all depend on anything without us, on the sheerest hazard, the merest accident, which the breath of wantonness any moment may sweep away forever. This the recent outrages which have drenched the virgin soil of Kansas with innocent blood abundantly testify and illustrate.

In the name of the Supreme Justice, of the Most High God, who lives and rules in the Heavens, and who will smite all the falsehoods and conspiracies of men with utter, withering defeat, in fidelity to our own nature as His creatures and children, in reverence for that voice which with sovereign word sounds along the inmost depths of our being, as the friends of genuine order and living law, we are sacredly bound, indignantly and authoritatively, to deny, renounce and trample under foot whatever, in the usurped name of these high realities, shall demand our suffrage and support, while it inflicts wrongs and bloody crimes. At such an hour, to assume an attitude of indifference or apology is to sink one's self to the position of a dastard and craven; to be guilty, most clearly and emphatically, of rebellion and treason—rebellion, alike mad and wanton, against the government of Heaven, and treason, higher than the statute describes, against the most sacred claims of human nature.

ASSOCIATE SYNOD OF NORTH AMERICA.

At the fifty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Associate Synod of North America, held in the City of Allegheny, Pa., during the last week in May, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas it is the duty of the Church of Christ, in her constituted capacity, as the pillar and ground of the truth, to lift up her voice against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, both in high and low places; and whereas the alarming events which are now taking place in our land are indicative of the sad degeneracy of the times in which we live, and also that the wicked and cruel system of slavery is a fruitful source of evil, the parent of civil feuds and intestine wars, and which fosters a dominant spirit that violates law, order and decency, and even ruthlessly desecrates halls of legislation dedicated to freedom; and whereas the Associate Presbyterian Church has heretofore borne her testimony against this monstrous evil, so now she deems it necessary to raise her voice in behalf of truth, and of civil and religious liberty. Therefore, resolved,

1. That slavery is a sin against God and man, an impious invasion of the Divine prerogatives and man's civil and religious rights.

2. That Synod condemns the Fugitive Slave law as a cruel and direct violation of the Divine law, and solemnly protests against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, as a deliberate violation of a solemn compact, and a sad evidence that our Government favours slavery more than freedom.

3. That the late gross and brutal attack, made by a member of the House of Representatives, from South Carolina, on a member of the Senate, is a daring outrage on the constitutional rights of freemen and the sacred rights of private judgment and liberty of expression.

4. That while, as ministers of the gospel of peace (called to promote the peace and happiness of our fellowmen), we have no desire to interfere with things of a purely political character, yet we cannot but deplore the present alarming state of things also in Kansas, and regard *them* as resulting from the bad policy of the Government towards the settlers in that Territory.

5. That we regard the aspect of the times as calling upon us for deep humiliation and prayer to God, that he may avert those fearful judgments which seem to threaten the peace, liberty and happiness of our highly favoured and beloved country.

6. That the Clerk of the Synod be directed to forward a copy of this report to the President and each House of Congress.

SLAVERY EMBARRASSING AN ARTIST.

From the Paris Correspondence of The Times.

A member of Congress recently moved an inquiry in regard to a contract which which Mr. Powers is executing at Florence for the Capitol at Washington. This inquiry refers, undoubtedly, to the statue of America, and I propose to give you some details on the subject, which I am sure will interest you.

A sum of twenty-five thousand dollars was appropriated, a year or more ago, for a work from the hands of Mr. Powers, representing a national subject, to be placed in the Capitol at Washington. President Pierce, informed, no doubt, of the facts which I am going to give you, lately refused, and certainly very justly, to pay so unprecedented a sum for the work now in course of completion. Here are the facts:

Some years ago Mr. Powers commenced the work he calls "America." It is simply a female figure, and is copied from the celebrated Venus of Milo, the most perfect model of its kind extant. For many years the work was retarded, for the reason that the artist could not decide what additions his Venus required to convert her into a symbol of America. The point at which his workmen stopped was the feet—he could not decide on the symbol of tyranny that must be placed under them. The first suggestion was chains, but this was rejected because chains are the symbol of slavery, and Mr. Powers was afraid of offending the South. The next design was a crown; but this was rejected from fear that it might be offensive to England. He next conceived the idea of ropes, and this unfortunate conception the artist has put into execution; so that you will have for your Capitol a copy of the Venus of Milo representing commerce, or shipping, or slave-driving, or anything you please to which ropes apply; but you will not have a symbol of America trampling on tyranny.

While the symbol of tyranny yet remained undeveloped in the rough stone under the foot of Venus, or America if you like, Mr. Powers's friends were making efforts to obtain a national order for its completion. During this time, and before he had any intimation that Congress would make an appropriation, he offered the work to Mr. Gevin, or Jenning, of New York, for $12,000, less than half the sum which he expects to obtain from Congress, and more than half the value of the work, since, as I have said before, it is only a copy executed by his workmen.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

It would be superfluous to invite attention to the speech of Parker Pillsbury, on the first page, since all our readers will naturally give earnest heed to the counsels of one whose long experience, tried fidelity and clear insight clothe his words with power. Many of them will probably dissent from some of his conclusions, but such will none the less respect the independence and courage exhibited in giving expression to his views. We are sorry to learn that some of those who have heretofore ranked as Disunionists and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are likely to yield to the temptation of voting, *just this once*, under a Constitution which they confess is stained with the slave's blood. To such we commend Mr. Pillsbury's speech, and also the following extract of a letter just received from a clear-sighted Abolitionist in Massachusetts, whose faithful labours in the thankless office of a *colporteur* entitle his sentiments to respect:

"I would gladly send you more subscribers, and it is not my fault that I do not, but this infernal *Republicanism* so absorbs the attention, the interest and the means of those who have natural tendencies towards anti-slavery, that they cannot and will not invest in abolition papers. They are all willing to concede the question of the freedom of the slave to the security of their own rights in Kansas and in Congress; and I fear that, as a party, they are willing, in case of success, in order to conciliate the slaveholders, harmonize the disturbed elements, and bring the 'era of good feeling' that Mr. Fremont and company seem to desire, to make a new compromise, giving the South some additional security in their slaveholding, or at least giving them some new protection and assurance of the permanence of the original compacts, whereby they hold their power as slaveholders.

"Perhaps I should not characterize them as *infernal*, but I am continually *vexed* at them, and yet I know I should not be, for I can see through the philosophy of the matter, and that, with the present elements, it is a natural result, an unavoidable necessity, that such a party, on such a platform, should exist.

"And yet it requires a vast quantity of the grace of patience to be resigned to this state of things; to see the nation rejecting the saving truths of the Abolitionists and rushing headlong to destruction. But we must wait for the salvation of God, and, even if we do not see it, still be patient in waiting.

"I feel that the success of the Republicans, if possible, will be their ruin, and will, in its benumbing and satisfying influence, retard the movements for the slave's redemption."

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

New York Central College.—This is one of the few Colleges in the United States that opens its doors on equal terms to coloured and female students. It is also free from the sectarian influences that surround most other Colleges. Abolitionists, therefore, feel a deep interest in its success, and we believe our readers generally will thank us for copying an extract of a letter to *The Tribune*, the writer of which is giving an account of the recent commencement at McGrawville:

Theodore Parker, of Boston, addressed the literary societies in the evening of Tuesday. His theme, "The Function of the Scholar," was treated as he alone could do it, in an original, *scholarly* and telling manner. We introduce a few sentences: "Let your cultivation be natural; avoid every college, every church, every doctrine, every doctor, that would make you mere machines—that would saw you out, plane you down, dovetail you, and fit you into a bureau or other furniture. Look at the Monks—not a great man among them; and when one sees any of the order, he exclaims, not 'Man,' but 'Monk!'" It were but a tame compliment to Mr. Parker to say that he enchained the attention of his auditory—he electrified them continuously. His brain seemed a battery, surcharged with thought, and his whole manner served to remind us of the description of him in the Fable for Critics:

> "And this is what makes him the crowd drawing preacher,
> There's a background of god to each hard-working feature,
> Every word that he speaks has been fiercly furnaced
> In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest."

His attitudes have evidently not been studied before a mirror—he practises none of the arts of oratorical flourishing, but the secret of his power seems to lie in the massiveness and spontaneity of ideas, and earnestness of soul manifested in the delivery.

The Commencement Exercises, on Wednesday, were opened by an impressive prayer, from Rev. H. Bowen, of Courtland.

Of the twenty-seven orations delivered, seven were given by ladies. These seven were all excellent productions, but could not all be heard distinctly, in every part of the chapel. Mrs. Armour, of Siloam, and Miss Boylston, of Cazenovia, manifested a compass of voice that would be creditable to experienced speakers; they were listened to with marked attention.

H. C. Ballard, of Chicago, pronounced an original poem on "The Conflict of the West."

Theodore Parker, having been invited by President Calkins to make some closing remarks, spoke as follows:

I am thankful for the opportunity of expressing a few thoughts on this occasion. This is the first time I have had the privilege of coming into your beautiful valley, and of entering your handsome and progressive College. Your institution is not extensively known in New England; I was not myself familiar with its history, but some of my friends have given me a good report concerning it, and what I have witnessed this day has convinced me that the half had not been told. In all the College exercises I have attended, I have not found so good exhibitions of true virtue as here. I love the patriotism, the strong Americanism that has pervaded many of the orations, and especially the fine poem to which we have listened. I have commended you for virtue, which should ever be the student's first, his highest aim. Second to this is wisdom; and of this I can accord to both the ladies and the gentlemen very much. Many of the productions evince no slight degree of matured thought. We are not accustomed, however, to look for ripened scholarship in so young an Institution—perfect beauty in learning makes its appearance late, as maidenly charms brighten with the bloom of womanhood—perfection of scholarship is to the accomplished man what the blush is upon the peach. As I sat here to-day, I could not but feel proud of my country, for her having produced a College founded on a liberal and philanthropic basis. I see here not only the representatives of the Ethiopian, but discover, in the speech of some, traces of the Teutonic stock. Another noble feature in your plan is, that you recognise the right of woman to an equal participation with males in the advantages of the College course. When I consider your embarrassments; when I think of your scanty library and meager apparatus, I am reminded of the origin of Harvard University. The settlements extended but seventy miles along the seaboard, and but fifty miles inland, when the old Bay State said, "We must have a College." Accordingly, Government allowed a peck of corn from each household with which to found it! The town of Lynn voted an *endowment* equivalent to three dollars and a half! Out of these small beginnings came the oldest and best-endowed literary establishment in the Union—the Alma Mater of so many distinguished men. Welcome, then, to you, be the discouragements attendant upon the growth of true greatness: oppose courage, patience and principle to every difficulty, and Central College may yet rival the most prosperous as well as the noblest institutions of learning in our land.

Franklin and Marshall College.—This institution is located at Lancaster, Pa., and James Buchanan is President of the Board of Trustees. A letter to *The Tribune* gives a report of the Commencement exercises. Here is an extract:

The students had invited their sisters, sweethearts and pretty cousins, to be present and witness their crowning laurels. Everything passed off with the greatest éclat. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of any one, unless it was the oration of W. W. Davis, of Sterling, Illinois, which really chafed the sage of Wheatland. The subject was "Decline of Political Integrity." The sentiments were noble and manly, delivered in a pleasant and forcible style, worthy of maturer years. He commended the patriotism of the fathers of the Republic, and denounced the degenerate political hucksters of the present day, who make all kinds of sycophantic promises to all parties and portions of the country for even a nomination by a Convention, no matter how corrupt or regardless of political integrity. "So truckling in their character and destitute of moral courage and political integrity that men are found who applaud the attack of *Canine* Brooks upon the noble Sumner for defending Freedom."

During the delivery of this sentence the whole house was still as death, and at its close it was heartily applauded. Mr. Davis finished his oration and retired from the front of the stage amid thunders of applause, and showers of bouquets from his lady friends. For him it was truly a triumph. But on retiring to his seat, next to that of Mr. Buchanan, did he receive congratulation of the Sage of Wheatland? No, no, Mr. Buchanan said to him, loud enough that the whole class could hear: "*My young friend, you look upon the dark side of the picture, Mr. Sumner's speech was the most vulgar tirade of abuse ever delivered in a deliberative body.*" To which the young orator replied that he "hoped Mr. Buchanan did not approve of the attacks upon Mr. Sumner by Brooks and others." To which Mr. Buchanan rejoined that "*Mr. Brooks was inconsiderate, but that Senator Butler was a very mild man.*" Mr. Davis expressed his regret at the moderation of Mr. Buchanan's views, and dropped the conversation. After the close of the exercises, the friends of Mr. Davis related what I have written. Mr. Davis himself said he "did not think for a moment that he was not in conversation with James Buchanan," but now learns that it was the Representative of the Cincinnati Platform he was addressed by. The whole matter caused no little gossip here in quiet old Lancaster.

Yale College.—The Baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class, on Sunday last, by the Rev. George P. Fisher, was altogether unlike the discourses delivered on similar occasions in former years. The preacher seemed alive, in some degree, to the issues of the day, as the following sketch will show:

In our day, popular opinion must be tested by God's word. The scholar, leaving his studies, and compelled to struggle for a livelihood, is tempted to suppress his strong feelings for truth and right. This temptation he must resist, and here is the conflict. But he must do more. Christianity is not merely defensive, it is aggressive also. There is no false opinion which it seeks not to refute, no system of wrong which it does not seek to overthrow, no human being it does not aim to elevate. The slavery of the Israelites (since slavery is the greatest of evils) is used in the Bible as a type of the enslavement of the human mind by sin, and the song of joy and thanksgiving sung by Moses, after the passage of the Red Sea, is declared in the Revelation of St. John to be typical of that new song to be sung by the redeemed in heaven. It is the comprehensive nature of Christianity to emancipate man from whatever oppresses him. The system of the Bible is a system of equality.

The strife is not all gradual. Every valuable right has been *extorted*, every important truth established, by conflict. History is a commentary on our text. A nation aroused and alive to this conflict is sublime. Witness England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Milton's battle of the angels was the conflict, then raging in England, idealized. The great poem of Italy grew out of the struggles of Dante's time. All literature is full of this conflict. It is usual to deprecate religious contrpversy, but it is the only way in which truth is established.

What is true of a nation or a generation is true of an individual. If truth does not take strong hold of his feelings, he is nothing, although he understands all mysteries and all knowledge. Erasmus, the most learned man of his day, capable of doing more good than any other, was weak and vacillating, writing sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, afraid to take sides firmly for either and his influence was lost. Luther was the man of his age, for he was strong for the truth, not courting a turbulent life, but loving the right. Why do we not persecute heretics? Is it from charity or indifference? John Calvin may have given his consent to the burning of Servetus, but he would have gone cheerfully himself to the stake for the right. The Puritans were steadfast for the truth; if we may not imitate their faults, we may imitate them in this. They know the great end of life, the depth of their convictions on all subjects made them powerful and able to make a deep impression. Again, they had a strong sense of justice, and disposition to put forth exertion in behalf of righteousness. The Puritan was determined to leave the world better than he found it. These elements of the Puritan character develope a truly Christian life. If the individual dies, the truth lives.

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class, you would not have me offer you a lower standard of excellence. You now assume peculiar individual responsibilities. Your paths in life now diverge. Look back on the way by which God has brought you to this hour. Why is it so? It is because he has a work for you to do. Be not idlers in the world, mere spectators. Be actors. The time which may elapse before your influence is felt in the world is for your discipline. Now you part, what can unite you but the bond which reaches down from Heaven. In the fatherhood of God is room for all. In doing right you will have your reward, and will have the joy of saying, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Miami University, Ohio.—The Commencement exercises of this institution were marked by a spirit of hostility to slavery altogether unusual in that conservative quarter. The account before us says:

Several of the speeches made by members of the graduating class showed that the University, which has sent forth in past times Pugh and his like, is about to redeem her character by sending forth men of more manliness—men ashamed to be found the supple tools of the Southern Oligarchy. Those entitled "Noble Traitors," "Ties of Union," and some others, had the ring of the true metal. But the great speech of the Commencement was delivered on Wednesday evening, July 2, before the Erodelphian and Eccritean Societies, by E. D. McMaster, D.D., former President of the University, and now Professor in the O. S. Presbyterian Theological Seminary at New Albany, Ind. He has been an earnest Democrat of the school of Tom Jefferson, but he has not progressed with sufficient rapidity to be a Democrat of the school of Atchison and Stringfellow, of Rust, and Herbert, and Brooks. The Doctor, after a very appropriate and significant exordium, announced his subject thus: "What is the true life of a nation, which, by the law of its being, it is bound to live; and what the inward principle of that life, by acting on which alone it can preserve its existence, develope its powers, accomplish its objects, and attain the ends of its being?" He then proceeded to answer both branches of his question, and it was the most profound discussion of a recondite subject to which it was ever my good fortune to listen. But it is to his conclusion that I would more particularly call attention. After speaking of various evils in the life our nation is now living, enumerating among them fillibusterism, false views of liberty, an excessive revenue and consequent corruption, he concluded his address by a most distinct avowal of the principles of the Republican party. He went back to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and then went on to combat the Cotton Theology of the day, and to comment on the Epistle to Philemon, which, he said, seemed to have become a classic among the apologists for Slavery Extension. He quoted from an old Greek philosopher the definition of a slave, as "*a tool with a soul in it*," and proceeded to demonstrate the wickedness of the Republic's in any way lending its influence to the extension of this crime against God and man. After eloquently dwelling on these thoughts, he concluded thus: In the darkest hour of Grecian history, the might of the State had met together and sworn by the gods of their fathers that Greece should be free. And it was. So will we meet and swear at the altars of our popular institutions, the ballot-boxes of our country; *and so do I now swear by the eternal God, the God of our fathers—by the living and the true God do I swear—that henceforth my voice and my exertions shall ever be used against the extension of slavery.* As the orator thus concluded and took his seat, the enthusiasm of the audience, who were already wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, burst all bounds, and the forest rang with cheer after cheer from the vast assemblage of the literati of Ohio and of the West.

BURLINGAME AND BROOKS.

We laid before our readers last week the principal facts connected with the "affair of honour"—the duel that was *not* fought—between Brooks, the South Carolina ruffian, and Hon. Anson Burlingame. Brooks, it will be remembered, refused to follow Mr. Burlingame to Canada, on the ground that his *life* would not be safe while on the journey thither and back, and his supporters affected to believe that Mr. Burlingame chose that place in order to avoid a fight. It seems, however, that the place was selected by Mr. Campbell, Mr. Burlingame's adviser, and that the latter consented to it reluctantly, his position leaving him no alternative. We believe it is the general opinion among those most familiar with the "code of honour" that Brooks showed the white feather, while Burlingame exhibited genuine duelling pluck. Having said this, however, we must avow our settled conviction that Mr. Burlingame, in consenting to receive a challenge from anybody, and above all from such a ruffian as Brooks, has not honoured either himself or the State he represents. In justice to him we will publish that portion of his card in which he explains the motives that governed his course:

"I now dismiss, so far as I can, the ex-member from South Carolina from my mind. Self-respect requires me to say that I can never again recognise, save to do him a kindness, if it should be in my power, Preston S. Brooks. I hand him over to that public, North and South, which is ever scornful of those who boast much and perform little.

"And now I hereby submit myself to the public, whose convictions, I fear, I have invaded. I pray them to remember that forgiveness is a higher quality than justice. I cast myself on their generous hearts, which are always tender and always loving.

"Let them not forget, when passing on my conduct, the sneers I have seen and the taunts I have heard—how the old State we all love has been insulted, and her cherished Senator stricken down, and how he yet lingers in almost helpless illness.

"As you of my own State remember these things, you will not entirely blame me if, in a moment of indignation, I was willing to stand up at a hazard of my life, and, what is dearer than life, for the insulted honour of those who have always been kind to me. I am no duellist. I seek no man's life.

"I have but acted in the spirit of the speech I made when I said that there were men from the old Bay State who would defend her honour and the freedom of speech in whatever field they might be assaulted. My course became to me a defence of liberty against slavery, and a struggle for freedom of speech against freedom of the bludgeon, and the only way which seemed to be left was here, by which we could defend ourselves.

"A. Burlingame.

"Washington, July 28, 1856."

We have no unkind feelings toward Mr. Burlingame, and are willing to give due weight to the circumstances that extenuate, though they cannot justify, his conduct. But we regard duelling, no less than slavery, as a crime, and we hope the people of the Fifth Congressional District of Massachusetts will see to it, that in the next Congress they are represented by a man whose sentiments are too elevated to permit him, under any circumstances, to tarnish the honour of the State and of the North by accepting a challenge.

POLITICS.

It is confidently stated that President Pierce has refused to write an electioneering letter in favour of Buchanan.

——The Republicans of New York have called their State Convention for Wednesday, Sept 17th, to nominate a Presidential electoral ticket and candidates for Governor and other State officers.

——On the first Monday in August elections will be held in the States of Kentucky, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri and Iowa; and on the first Tuesday in August, in North Carolina and Tennessee; on the first Monday in October, in Georgia and Florida; and on the second Tuesday in October, in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana.

——Hon. George G. Dunn, Representative in Congress of the Madison District in Indiana, who was chosen as an anti-Nebraska man, but who refused to support Banks for Speaker and has played "fast and loose" on the slavery question, has been repudiated by his constituents. J. A. Hendricks has been nominated over him for the next Congress by a vote of 113 to 49.

——The *Albany Evening Journal* says: "There is a strong feeling of opposition to Breckinridge in Kentucky, growing out of the trial of Matt Ward, the murderer of the schoolmaster at Louisville. It will be remembered that Breckinridge was one of the 'distinguished counsel' who volunteered to quit his post at Washington to go and screen the rich and guilty assassin from punishment."

——At a Buchanan ratification meeting in Paterson, N. J., the other day, Lorenzo B. Shepard, of New York, read an extract from Frederick Douglass commenting severely on the Republican party. A Buchaneer, not knowing the distinction between "Fred" and "Steve," thereupon proposed three cheers for Douglass, which were given with a will by "the unterrified!" An age of progress this, when a Democratic meeting cheers Fred. Douglass, the Abolitionist, and a coloured man at that!

——The Charleston (S. C.) *Standard* thus describes the position and prospects of the three principal candidates for President:

"Mr. Buchanan has to carry forty years of service, and an immense platform, which contains something offensive to everybody. Mr. Fillmore carries the platform of the Know-Nothing party, at least, and besides this, the traditions of a political career, and one term in the Presidency. Both are weighted too heavily for a good race, and there can be no question but that, in this respect at least, Mr. Fremont will have vastly the advantage."

——The *New York Herald*, which has long borne the name of the Satanic Press, is a zealous supporter of Fremont, whose anti-slavery it insists is of very small consequence—not sufficient to alarm the South. "We are well satisfied," says the editor, "that his (Fremont's) policy would in reality open the eyes of the South to the smallness of the danger they have to apprehend from the anti-slavery sentiment of the North, and would tend greatly to soothe the irritation which the present attitude of parties is calculated to keep up."

——The *Independent Whig*, published at Lancaster, Pa., asserts that Mr. Buchanan will not receive the full vote of the Democratic party in that County, a large portion of its members having determined to vote for Fremont. It says: "We do not make this statement for the sake of effect abroad, or to wrong Mr. Buchanan's friends here or elsewhere, but as we believe them to exist. We have indeed ourselves been astonished at the reports that have come to us, from reliable sources, of the refusal of a large portion of the old Democrats in this County to support him."

——Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, U. S. Senator, has accepted the Republican nomination for Governor of Maine. His former influential position as a Democrat will be likely to ensure the support of many members of that party, while his bold course in repudiating the Cincinnati slavery extension platform and the nomination of Buchanan will attract to him the votes of such Republicans as were formerly identified with the Whig and Free Soil parties. We presume he will be elected. He says he will resign his seat in the Senate if Wells, the slavery extension candidate, is chosen Governor.

——Two Southern patriots—says the Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, were canvassing the probability of Fremont's election, and the consequences likely to follow. One was confident that such a result would be the signal for dissolution. "Dissolution!" said the other; "why, in ninety days after he entered the White House, there would be applicants enough for office from Virginia alone, which, at a toll of one dollar a head for crossing the long bridge over the Potomac, would furnish sufficient money to build the Washington Water Works." This argument convinced the skeptic, and he is now hopeful the Union may yet be saved.

——In Kentucky the electors vote *viva voce*. This arrangement operates greatly to the disadvantage of freedom by enabling the wealthy slaveholders to see how the poor non-slaveholders vote. The *Kentucky News*, alluding to this, says:

"By slaveowners overseers are employed to direct the labour of the slave! Upon the day of election every slaveholder constitutes himself an overseer to take cognizance of all the votes which are polled! If the slave do not submit to the guidance of his overseer, he is whipped. If the poor white do not submit to vote as the masters direct, he is tarred and feathered and invited to leave the State. Between the two, what is the difference? Which has the most liberty; the non-slaveholder or the slave? The vote by ballot would remedy this. How much longer will non-slaveholding Kentuckians submit to this rule? How much longer will this tyranny exist? Kentuckians! are ye madmen or fools, or are ye, willingly, slaves?"

——*The Tribune*, after a careful survey of the condition and prospects of parties in the several States, gives the result in the following table:

For Fremont:	*Votes.*	*Buchanan:*	*Votes.*	*Fillmore:*	*Votes.*
Maine	8	Virginia	15	Maryland	8
N. Hamp.	5	North Car.	10	Kentucky	12
Mass.	13	South Car.	8	Louisiana	6
R. Island	4	Georgia	19		
Connecticut	6	Alabama	8	Total	26

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

Baptist Theological Seminary, Covington, Ky.—Causes of its Failure —John G. Fee—Anti-Slavery Spirit in Kentucky—Emigration to Kansas—The Dred Scott Decision—Opinions upon it.

CINCINNATI, April 1, 1857.

NOT a week passes that does not bring before the public some transaction caused by the agitation of the subject of slavery, showing how extensively it has affected society and made its impression felt in every department of Church and State. A week or two since, the interest of the Southern Baptists in the Theological Seminary property at Covington, Ky., was sold to a private individual for $110,000. The history and failure of this enterprise furnishes a good specimen of the unreasonable exactions of the Slave Power upon the Church, and deserves to be recorded.

This institution was projected some twenty years ago, and was designed as a General Theological School for the Baptists of all the Western States, the Trustees being chosen from among them all, though the active and efficient men engaged in building it up were residents of the States north of the Ohio river, and mainly of Ohio and Indiana. The corner-stone was laid, with much ceremony, in 1840, and seldom, if ever, has an institution of learning been commenced with brighter prospects of success. Extensive grounds were purchased, the property, increasing every year in value, was much of it sold at an advance, and sufficient means realized to place the institution on a firm foundation. The whole concern was planned on a most liberal scale, no one of its founders dreaming of any serious difficulties in the future between the Northern and Southern Baptists. The location was thought at the time to have been remarkably well chosen. On the borders of the two oldest States of the West, near two growing cities and the Ohio River flowing between them, it was considered by all to be most centrally and eligibly situated. The institution went into operation with an able Faculty, but very soon some of the ever-vigilant pro-slavery Baptists in Kentucky became suspicious that "Abolition" sentiments were instilled into the minds of the students, and, before the public was aware that such a thing was even contemplated, obtained from the Kentucky Legislature an alteration of the Charter, providing that *a majority of the Trustees should be citizens of Kentucky.* The whole control of the institution was thus lodged in the hands of the Trustees from that State, all pro-slavery men. The Faculty, of course, resigned, and a new set of Professors were appointed in their place, *tacitly pledged and expected* to let slavery alone, or to apologize for it as at least a necessary evil.

The Baptists of the North-West could not, without a sacrifice of all self-respect, continue to support the institution, and took immediate measures to establish another, which has been for several years in successful operation at Fairmount, in Ohio, near the city. That at Covington, after passing into the hands of the South, languished for some years, never having had a dozen students at one time. After sundry suits at law to recover the portion of the property due to Northern Baptists, the matter was amicably arranged, the whole property divided a year or two since, and the Northern share of the proceeds given for the support of the Fairmount Seminary. The Southern interest was sold a few days since, as stated above, the proceeds to be given, I believe, to some Southern Baptist College.

As to the charge of "Abolition" brought against the Professors, nothing could have been more unreasonable. They were New England men, opposed to slavery "in the abstract," and in favour of its extirpation in a very gradual manner. They avoided everything like connection with the slavery agitation, or even the emancipation movement in Kentucky. The anti-slavery, both of the Professors and the Northern Trustees, was certainly of *a very mild type.* But Wayland's Moral Science was used as a Text Book, the Faculty refused to pledge themselves to let the subject of slavery entirely alone, and to unite with the Southern Baptist (pro-slavery) Missionary Union. All, however, has turned out for the best. The spirit and tendencies of the Slave Power in the Church have become better known, and the Baptists north of the Ohio have been led to act for themselves and to distrust and be more watchful against alliances with slavery.

John G. Fee has been labouring for a week or two past in Newport, Ky., where he has organized a Presbyterian Church upon a strictly anti-slavery basis—no communion with slaveholders. There is a growing anti-slavery sentiment in that place, and of *a reliable kind*—more, I learn, than in Covington or other border towns in Kentucky. The publication of the *Newport News*, in the face of many obstacles, has doubtless done much to foster this state of things.

The tide of emigration is pouring towards the North-West, and this Spring will probably be greater than in any former year. Every steamer that touches at our wharves from above brings emigrants bound to Iowa, Nebraska or Kansas. If Kansas does become a free State, it will be due more than anything else to the overwhelming preponderance of free labour immigration to the Territory, induced by the general discussion of the subject for the last two years. The superiority of free over slave labour and institutions to open and build up a new State is felt by all, and will have an influence, let us yet hope, which the Slave Power, with all its tactics, cannot, after all, overcome.

The organs of the Slave Democracy seem anxious to make the impression that the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case is a *finality* and will put a stop to the political agitation of the slavery question. Says the *Enquirer* of this place: "The decision of the Supreme Court is the settled law of the land, and will be strictly enforced by the whole power of the Government. It settles, in all its length and breadth, the slavery question, and does what Congress was never able to do—it renders it a finality." The *Enquirer* advises the Republican party to "disband or turn its attention to other subjects of governmental policy. The great mass of the American people will not only sustain the decision of the Court, because it is the law of the land, but also because it annunciates principles and doctrines in strict harmony with our Constitution and fundamental polity."

The so-called Democratic party has so often triumphed over the Whig or Conservative party in regard to a National Bank, the Tariff, Internal Improvements and other issues between them, it has some reason for confidence as to the success of any doctrines or line of policy it may choose to adopt. After the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise, one of the favourite and successful projects of Henry Clay, that party may attempt anything. These Democratic triumphs, however, were on merely *political* questions. No moral principle was involved in the Bank and Tariff issues, and the Missouri Compromise was but a political expedient. But as sure as truth and justice exist will the Slave Democracy find that they have a mightier foe than a political party to grapple with. The enlightened moral sense of the nation, the invincible spirit of Liberty, are not to be crushed by judicial decisions, or satisfied much longer by political expedients. We have been told a thousand times, and assured again and again, after every temporary triumph of the Slave Power in State or Church, that the agitation of slavery had received a death-blow, and would soon subside. Clay and Calhoun, in the United States Senate, eighteen years ago, rejoiced over the "death of Abolition," and shook hands in token of their united sympathies in the work of its destruction. But the progress of the Anti-Slavery party since that time, though some times slow, has disappointed all their calculations. It has divided the Church, remodelled parties, and revolutionized States; and is more vigorous and promising than at any previous time. The pro-slavery men cannot but see this, and *hope* rather than *believe* that this "Dred" decision will stop the agitation. They may indulge the delusion, if they choose; but it is certain that from this time forward the Anti-Slavery enterprise will take no step backward. That it is destined in the end to achieve a complete triumph, both in State and Church, no true friend of Freedom ought for a moment to doubt.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

Yours, P.

OUR CORRESPONDENT "H" has sent us a rejoinder to the article from Mr. Goodell, published last week. To us it seems that he has the best of the argument, but our columns are so crowded, and our conviction of the utter uselessness of the discussion so decided, that we must beg his pardon for declining to yield to it any more of our precious space. We do this with the less hesitation because, in our judgment, the only important point in the controversy is so plain that H can well afford to let Mr. Goodell have the last word. In justice to both parties, however, it is proper to state, that H withdraws the charge of "fraudulent falsifications" and accepts Mr. Goodell's plea of ignorance or inadvertence in regard to Gov. Randolph's explicit denial of Patrick Henry's declaration, that "Congress, by the Constitution, has power to declare all slaves free."

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, March 13, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MESSRS. EDITORS: So Dr. Elisha Kent Kane has gone the way that all great and all little men have gone before him. When I say that he will be generally lamented in this country as well as in his own, I mean, of course, that he will be regretted by all who have read his book and heard of his wonderful achievements and the noble spirit which animated him. In this respect I know of no explorer who has surpassed him. I know of no book of travels which has so deep a moral interest. Present living reputation has many substantial advantages in the rewards it confers, in the shape of respect, position, and pounds, shillings and pence. Of posthumous fame I have not thought so highly since, in the year 1821, amongst many other things I was warned not to read, I first laid eyes on the following stanzas:

What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

What are the hopes of men? Old Egypt's King
Cheops erected the first pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;
But somebody or other, rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

When I was ten, I was an ambitious little fellow; but at sixteen, having read the preceding homily in a book not recommended for Sunday reading, I gave up the chase as a bad job. But I will not say that the painful conviction that I was somewhat heavy-heeled, as well as my readiness to take a hint from saint or sinner, had not something to do with my conclusion. However, this is running away from Dr. Kane. I am persuaded that the strong impelling motive with him was not the vulgar love of praise, but that noblest of all motives to a noble mind—that sense of the claims of duty which is essential to true greatness, and which has enabled many friends of yours, of mine, to withstand, through long years, the storm of popular ignorance, cruelty and passion. If the accident of birth had not prevented, I am persuaded that Dr. Kane would have been an Abolitionist. Be this as it may, I would rather have the fame that awaits his memory than all the glory of all the Presidents from Washington to Pierce, and of all the English sovereigns from Egbert to Victoria. I know little of his private history. There may be circumstances that would alter my judgment. But his account of the Second Grinnell Expedition is a monument of heroism, endurance, forbearance, modesty, tenderness of spirit, and magnanimity, such as few books can parallel.

Our present Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston—he who stands to the Queen in the same relation as Lewis Cass holds to James Buchanan—has a great reputation for good luck. Defeated, a few days ago, in the House of Commons, on a question respecting the conduct of the English officials in China, whom he defended, he has determined to appeal to the country, and we are to have a dissolution of Parliament and a new election. Although nearly all our ablest men were opposed to this war with China, undertaken on grounds as frivolous as ever gave rise to legalized wholesale slaughter, "the country" is said to be with him; and *Punch*, a power in the State, assures him, in the name of John Bull, that, "as he has injured himself by sitting up late with those Cobden fellows, if he will *come down to the country* for a few days, he shall be put on his legs as sound as ever." As far as we can judge, there is quite a furor of pro-Palmerstonism in England at present. The mercantile and shipping interests are willing to go to any lengths in behalf of British lives and property, no matter how cruel or unprincipled the quarrel, and Lord Palmerston is not the man to prevent them. He is regarded by many, whose opinion is worth something, as able, witty, showy, unscrupulous, aristocratic in his tastes, with a leaning to despotic principles and sympathy far less with the people than the rulers of Europe. His name is identified as the author of no one measure of popular reform or amelioration, and it is disgraced as that of the first Englishman of mark who announced his approval of Louis Napoleon's atrocious *coup d'état.* If, on this occasion, by the help of the English people, he succeeds in making good his position against such men as Lord John Russell, Gladstone, and Cobden, it will only show that they are no better than he is, and that, as is the sample, so is the sack.

A friend in Boston lately sent me a book called the "Legion of Liberty," published by the American Anti-Slavery Society, full of sentiments about freedom, equality, and so forth, such as almost everybody agrees to here—and, as I suppose, until the Slave Power got firmly seated on your back, every one agreed to north of Mason and Dixon's line—mere axioms, platitudes in fact. Now, it has popped into my head that that would be a useful compilation which included a brief chronological history of the Anti-Slavery enterprise since its commencement in 1829—notices of the principal events to which it gave rise—a selection of those resolutions which embody the principles of the Abolitionists, and which I have often admired as condensing so much matter into a space small yet luminous—and extracts defining the political parties, and the various cliques with which the cause has had to do. I would notice in this way the Liberty Party, the Free Soil party, the Radical Abolitionists, the Missouri Compromise, Mason and Dixon's line, the exact position of the Churches, the acts and professions of the slaveholders and of the doughfaces of all kinds, as much as possible in their own words, so as to withstand all charges of unfairness. I would make extracts from *The Liberator* and THE STANDARD; the Refuge of Oppression should furnish a copious share; and a clever man, with paste and scissors, might easily dish up a most useful and interesting manual of reference for the labourers and the friends of the cause, of far more value for practical purposes than any quantity of the truest sentiments of bygone saints and sages, which have little application to the actual circumstances of your age and country. So, with this valuable suggestion, offered and recommended with my usual diffidence, I bid you heartily farewell. RICHARD D. WEBB.

CHEEVER ON THE HIGHER LAW.—On Sunday evening last, in the Church of the Puritans, Dr. Cheever delivered a masterly discourse from the text so often perverted by priestly parasites, "The powers that be are ordained of God," &c. He denied that these words involved the monstrous idea that human governments can suspend or annul the law of God, and that in cases of conflict between human legislation and the claims of justice and humanity, the former is to be the rule of our obedience. He showed conclusively, by logical deductions from principles clearly set forth in the Bible and illustrated in the examples of prophets and apostles, that it is our solemn duty to disobey and trample under our feet any statute of a human legislature and any decision of an earthly court which violates God's law of eternal rectitude and justice; and that the opposite doctrine, instead of being conservative in its tendency, would, if legitimately carried out, dissolve society in one mass of moral rottenness and putridity. He applied the principle of the discourse to the Fugitive Slave law and the Dred Scott decision, and rebuked, in terms of just severity, the pulpits and religious presses which have lent their countenance and support to these ordinances of iniquity and cruelty. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, many leading citizens, who belong to other congregations, being present.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN MONTREAL has, we understand, withdrawn from the Confederated Association of similar bodies in the United States, on account of the relations of the latter to slavery. The Confederation held its annual meeting in Montreal last Summer, by invitation of the seceding body, and the latter, having since learned that some of the Associations in the United States deny the privileges of membership to coloured young men, resolved to cut the connection. This year the Confederation is to meet in Richmond, Va., and we understand that the question of appointing delegates will come before the Brooklyn Association at its next meeting. The anti-slavery members will oppose the proposition as involving complicity with the great sin of the nation, and we hope they may succeed in defeating it. The great majority of the Christian young men of the North, if they had not been so extensively led astray by clerical and hunker influences, would revolt at the idea of endorsing slavery by remaining in union with the Southern Associations, and we hail with pleasure any indication that they are getting their eyes opened on this important subject.

JUSTICE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The following paragraph, from *The Tribune*, shows that even in South Carolina the voice of the widow and fatherless is yet able, by persevering importunity, to make itself heard; and that, whatever may be the case as to the rights of coloured people, the courts and juries are not quite ready yet to go so far as to deny the right of white men to dispose of their property as they may see fit, even if it should go by way of provision for their coloured children.

"Our readers will recollect the case of the wealthy South Carolinian who, having brought his coloured children with their mother to Cincinnati for the sake of confirming them in the possession of the liberty he had given them, died suddenly just as he had set foot on the landing, previously, however, having made a will by which he gave them his entire property, mostly situate in South Carolina. It will be recollected, also, that Mr. Jolliffe, a lawyer of Cincinnati, appointed one of the executors under this will, went to South Carolina for the purpose of getting it recognised there and acting under its provisions. At first it was attempted to drive him away by threats of mob violence; and when this did not succeed, a South Carolina Jury returned a verdict denying the validity of the will. Mr. Jolliffe, however, being a persevering character, took the case before the Court of Appeals, who ordered a new trial, on the ground that the verdict was against the law and the evidence. That new trial has lately been had, and a verdict rendered in it sustaining the validity of the will."

THE REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, of Jersey City, delivered an anti-slavery lecture at Portland on the 30th ultimo. The *State of Maine* says:

"The subject was Slavery and the Bible. The purpose of the lecturer was to show that American slavery has no sanction from the Bible, in any just and fair usage of the book. The Hebrew law was passed in review, together with the relations of master and slave in patriarchal times, and it was clearly shown that the form of slavery sanctioned by the Jews was essentially and radically different from any existing at the present day.

"The New Testament was then taken up, and its position in respect to slavery was examined and commented upon. The celebrated Epistle of Paul to Philemon was read, with great impressiveness.

"The whole lecture was a clear statement of the historical facts of the case, and an earnest appeal to the moral sense against the error that the Bible sanctions slavery. Mr. Frothingham's delivery is admirable and his manner of lecturing is extremely pleasing."

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN is still engaged in the public reading of his Anti-Slavery Dramas. When last heard from, he was in Northern Ohio. The following paragraph is from the Elyria (Lorain Co.) *Independent Democrat.*

"Mr. Brown's Drama was recited to a large and delighted audience last Friday evening, and, by a vote of the audience, he is to give us his second Drama on Slavery on Saturday evening next. Mr. B. is one of those whom the Supreme Court refuses to admit to citizenship, on account of his colour, but whose character and intellect tower far above the menial slave-ridden Judges who made that decision. When such men are pronounced outlaws, and only fit for servants, it is time for us all to look about and see who next is to come under the ban of serfdom."

Mr. Brown, we understand, has several engagements in this State, to be fulfilled before anniversary week.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS has commenced a review of the Dred Scott decision, in a series of letters addressed to Judge Taney. The letters appear simultaneously in the *Ashtabula Sentinel* and the Cleveland *Leader.* The numbers already published evince a thorough acquaintance with the political history of the country, and treat the subject with the directness and force of argument which always characterizes the speeches and writings of the author.

Summary.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.—The Richmond *Enquirer*, with its usual elegance, calls Henry Ward Beecher "the minister resident, representative of his Majesty—the Devil." Has the *Enquirer* been presented at that Court, that it is so well informed?—*Salem Observer.*

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—A quibbling writer of the last century quaintly observes, that when the cannons of the princes began to war, the canons of the church were destroyed. "It was," says he, "first *mitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum;* first *Saint Peter*, and then *Saltpetre.*"

William Penn and his colony of Quakers were surrounded by warlike savages for seventy years, without losing a drop of blood. Once those savages saved the colony from starvation. Such was the safety afforded them by justice, forbearance and charity—by abstaining from all resistance of evil with evil.—*Practical Christian.*

A correspondent of the *Charleston News*, writing from Washington, states that a project is on foot to start "a Southern State Rights Pro-Slavery Journal at London." Mr. Slocum of Mississippi has initiated this singular enterprise. The editor is to be Prof. Alexander Dimitry, at present the translator in the State department, a native of Louisiana.

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.—The Democratic canvassers in the town of Gloucester, R. I., struck the names of the coloured voters in that town from the lists before the recent election, alleging that they were justified in this action by the decision in the case of Dred Scott. The Providence *Journal* intimates that legal proceedings will be commenced against them.

The Rev. W. H. CHANNING having responded to an earnest call from his friends to return to America, the members of Renshaw street Chapel (Liverpool) have unanimously invited the Rev. J. H. Thom to resume his connection with them as their pastor. We are glad to learn that Mr. Thom has cordially accepted the invitation, and will resume his ministration in November next.—*London Inquirer.*

A LESSON FOR YOUNG AMERICA.—Washington Irving, who is now in his seventy-fifth year, recently received an invitation to be present at the oration delivered by Edward Everett in Albany. He returned an answer regretting his inability to attend, on account of his being so busily occupied in getting the last volume of his work on Washington through the press, and his being incessantly subject to the printer's call.

THE SOUTH MANUFACTURING FOR THE NORTH.—It is rather strange to see printing paper sent to the North; but, singular as it may appear, such is the fact. The Pioneer Paper Factory at Athens, Ga., is shipping paper to Philadelphia for the use of the Philadelphia *Inquirer.* It is a very superior article, and reflects credit on the manufactory. A lot goes forward by the next Philadelphia steamer.—*Savannah Republican.*

CONVICTION OF A MURDERER.—*Boston, April* 5, 1857.—At a late hour last night the Jury in the case of Charles L. Cater, indicted for killing Solon H. Tenny, the Warden of the State Prison, rendered a verdict of "Guilty." The Jury were out about forty minutes. Cater made a speech justifying his act on the ground of unwholesome food, and ill treatment toward himself and other convicts by the authorities of the prison. He was remanded for sentence.

A spiritual medium, named David D. Hume, of Connecticut, has lately been holding "seances" in the presence of the emperor and empress and members of the court of France. Bells were lifted without hands, and rung in the air, tables moved, &c., and the emperor seems likely to become a convert to the faith. One of the most noted French philosophers thinks the spectators were deceived by the electro-magnetic powers of Mr. Hume—in fact, that he magnetized them.

A DARKEY THEOLOGIAN.—An old negro near Victoria, Texas, who was the only Baptist in the neighbourhood, always "stuck up for his own faith," and was ready with a reason for it, although he was unable to read a word. This was the way he "put 'em down." "You kin read, now, keant you?" "Yes." "Well, I s'pose, you've read the Bible, haint you?" "Yes." "You've read about John de Baptist, haint you?" "Yes." "Well, you never read about *John de Methodis*, did you? You see I has de Bible on my side, den. Yah, ya-a-h!"

THE POSTMASTER (nominal) at Northampton (MASS.), says the Springfield *Republican*, "has made a great strike for executive favour in formally deserting the Unitarian church, and taking his cushions after him, since its minister preached against the pro-slavery opinions of the Supreme Court. Mr. Buchanan ought to know that there is a bit of fraud here, the postmaster not being more in the habit of attending the church than he is at the post-office. He did not hear the offensive sermon, but only saw it in print."

A REMARKABLE YEAR.—The year 1807, just half a century ago, is remarkable in our annals for having produced an extraordinary number of literary men. H. W. Longfellow, N. P. Willis, Theodore S. Fay, George B. Cheever, Ephraim Peabody, Thomas Ward, Edward Sanford, James Otis Rockwell, John H. Bryant, and many others, whose names are connected with American literature, were born in the year above named. It is noteworthy that Longfellow and Willis should both be born in the same city, within a few weeks of each other.—*Boston Transcript.*

A plan is on foot in Washington "to revive the smouldering embers of whiggery" for the next Presidential contest. The plan is to place its position upon the slavery question upon the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, and to make an issue against the Democratic party in favour of the distribution of the public lands amongst the States, together with a few other clap-trap ideas, which are now sought to be engrafted into the affections of the people.

CAPT. RYNDERS AND THE PRESIDENT.—Capt. Rynders went to the White House the other day to thank the President for his office of Marshal. Mr. Buchanan said to him good humouredly:

"Well, Captain Rynders, I hope you will do your duty well, and that I shall not hear of your getting into any more fights."

"Not unless the country needs it," said Rynders; to which the President added that he had strong hope the country wouldn't need anything of the kind.

ANNOYING MISTAKE.—A venerable clergyman from Worcester County went to Groton on Sunday last to fulfill a pulpit engagement. On his way his carpet bag was exchanged for one that, on being opened, displayed a lady's night-cap and other articles of feminine toilet. The good old gentleman had to apologize for the non-production of his written sermon, and favoured his hearers with an extempore discourse on the evils of life, of which the annoying evil of exchanging carpet-bags did not form a part. What the lady, who probably got the carpet-bag of the clergyman, thought of the "swap" is yet to be told.—*Lowell (Mass.) Citizen.*

TO CONCILIATE THE SOUTH.—The Administration, so the telegraph informs us, is now disposed to "conciliate the South" by giving $15,000,000 for the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Something certainly ought to be done "to conciliate the South," the forbearing, long-suffering South, which will certainly dissolve the Union unless provision is made for the hungry patriots, whose appetite for the general treasury grows with what it feeds on. We know some very clever fellows who will finger a part of the $15,000,000 with a heavy toll, as it passes from the treasury of the United States, on its way to that of Mexico, into which precious little of it will ever be dropped.—*Providence Journal.*

NEW PHASE OF "POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY."—The Mexicans manifestly are people of colour, and therefore, according to Judge Taney and the slave-drivers, incapable of citizenship and unfit for freedom. The popular sovereigns of Mississippi recently took by inspiration this legal view of their case, and, to "get their hand in," bought and sold among themselves, some eight or ten times, a young Mexican named Severa Lugo. He with difficulty recovered his freedom under habeas corpus. In the live stock market he proved as brisk of sale as a jet African. "Popular Sovereignty" of the Kansas Buchanan stripe will one of these days demand the slavery of the whole "coloured race" of Mexico. How many Mexicans will that leave free?—*Albany Evening Journal.*

PRO-SLAVERY DIVINITY.—A Southern Methodist Doctor of Divinity, named Deems, prondly declared to a Northern Methodist, not long since, that he was the "owner of several slaves, and felt no more conscience about owning his cook than he did about owning his wife." On being asked by his Northern brother if Southern gentlemen sustained the same relation to their wives as to their slaves, he vouchsafed no reply. This D.D. professes to have been born again, and to have been called of the Holy Ghost to preach the gospel! And his heaven-born, heaven-sanctified, heaven-expecting Brother Sectarians have consecrated him as an honoured apostle of the Church. How many "Tom Paines" would it take to besmut the name of Christianity like one such Doctor of Divinity?!—*Practical Christian.*

JEFFERSON ON COLOURED CITIZENS.—"After the engagement between the frigates Chesapeake and Leopard, off the Capes of Virginia, on June 22d, 1807, in which the former struck her colours, four men were taken from her by the British captain of the Leopard, whom he claimed as deserters. Two of these men, John Straban and William Ware, were negroes and both born in Maryland. In the proclamation issued shortly after by President Jefferson, excluding British vessels of war from American waters, he said:

"'This enormity was not only without provocation or justifiable cause, but was committed with the avowed purpose of taking by force from a ship of war of the United States a part of her crew, and, that no circumstance might be wanting to mark its character, it had been previously ascertained that the seamen demanded were *native citizens of the United States.*'"—*Boston Atlas.*

SEVERE, BUT TRUE.—The New York *Tribune* in noticing the fact that Mr. Banks, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, was stopping at the Astor House on his way home, says:

"As presiding officer of the House, Mr. Banks, by general consent has had no superior from the foundation of our Government, and no equal but Henry Clay. This is a rare and proud distinction. We think Mr. Banks might have been Speaker of the next House, or in some other official position not less exalted, but for the fatality to the Fremont movement, resulting in a great measure from the dilatoriness, delay, and inaction which were occasioned by his advice. He belongs to that class of politicians who believe that Providence makes all the hay, requiring only very slight assistance from man, at a late hour in the day, after the evening dews have commenced falling, say about an hour before sundown. We hold to a widely different faith. Our sympathies and confidence are with those who rise with the lark to greet the purpling East."

Army and Navy appropriations have been made by Congress for the ensuing year, as follows: Army about $13,000,000; Navy about $12,000,000. Money enough! The treasury is plethoric! Where does it come from? For what is it used up? Mainly for warlike purposes—$25,000,000 per annum, in time of peace. What a maw this War Fiend has! And how liberally do Christian nations tax the multitude to feed him. But when the only department of government which is functionally adapted to render the people intelligent and social, that is, the Post Office Department performs service, it must be *prepaid* every red cent. *War* can have what it asks for, *gratis:* though it devours all before and poisons all behind it. But intelligence, the life-blood of a true Republic, must be checked, stamped, and most punctiliously taxed before it can go abroad. Thus have we *penny* wisdom and *pound* folly all over Christendom. Nevertheless, "there's a good time coming," when people will reverse this political economy; when the *war*-horse will starve, and social intelligence fare sumptuously at the public crib.—*Prac. Christian.*

ABOLITIONISM IN THE SOUTH.—It is undoubtedly true that in many cases of exaggerated reports relative to the progress of anti-slavery sentiments in the slave States, Southern journalists have taken counsel of their fears. They live in the midst of institutions which are instinct with rebellion. They tremble when the wind blows from the North. They cry "wolf" when a negro looks toward the Dismal Swamp. They flee when no man pursueth. Yet it is equally true that free principles are getting a foothold in the slave States, which would have been thought visionary or impossible a few years ago. The New Orleans *Courier* mentions a few of the evidences of this encouraging progress, not to commend them certainly, but with a kind of sombre and lugubrious candour. The alarming circulation of school books filled with incendiary sentiments, the unrebuked importance of school teachers from the free States, the emancipation agitation in Missouri, the proposed colonization of Virginia, the rapid increase of anti-slavery representation at Washington, are made a text for affecting appeals for union and concession on the part of the defenders of slavery. But mere appeals will not check the inevitable progress of freedom, or delay its final triumph.—*Boston Telegraph.*

THE SOUTH PRODUCING ITS OWN NEGRO MINSTRELS.—A Lilliputian band of negro minstrels has been formed in South Carolina. It is composed of negro slaves, the eldest being not more than thirteen years of age; and seldom have we seen so much talent and musical artistical culture as these boys possess. They are rare wonders in themselves, and well deserve the patronage of the South. Their proficiency in music is but a proof of the acknowledged talents all our slaves have for that pleasing art; and their success should stimulate all our planters to have negro bands of their own, as they afford a source of pleasing amusement, both to the slaves and their owner.

The Charleston *Mercury* learns, from an authentic source, that Colonel J. P. Richardson, of Sumter district, in South Carolina, the owner of the wonderful prodigies of music which compose this band, has placed them at the disposal of two of his friends, who intend availing themselves of the generous offer, for the purpose of taking them on a tour through the slaveholding States of the Union. The first concert will be given in Columbia, after which they will perform in Charleston, from whence they intend to start westward.

A GRANT FROM WILLIAM PENN.—Dr. Barton, of Aston, left with us, a few days ago, a deed granting five hundred acres of land to John G. Gibbons, of Warminster, England, in 1651. Gibbons was a shoemaker, and doubtless emigrated to this country and settled upon this grant. The land lies in the township of Bethel, in this county, and a portion of it is at present occupied by Albin Baldwin. The house in which Mr. B. lives was at one time used as a meeting-house by Friends, and is a curiosity in these days. It is built of brick, with small windows, the sash of which were, until recently, lined with lead, and the building constructed so as to secure its inmates from the attacks of the Indians. The consideration money mentioned in the Deed of Grant is four pounds lawful money of England, just about as much as a lawyer or scrivener of the present time would charge for writing so formidable an instrument. The deed is on heavy parchment, bears a seal on which is the English crown, and is signed in a bold hand by William Penn. It is a remarkable fact that the language of conveyance in this deed is precisely similar to that now used in a legal instrument of the same sort, and shows that in the matter of technicalities we have made but little progress for the last two hundred years.—*Delaware County (Pa.) Republican.*

The Virginians have it in contemplation to banish their free negroes, 55,000 in number, from the State, or reduce them to slavery. By this latter expedient the Old Dominion, the mother of Presidents, &c., will make a *spec* of $20,000,000. Some worthy people express astonishment at such a proposition in the noon of the nineteenth century, just on the eve of the Millennium, right among the simon-pure Democracy and Christianocracy of this glorious Republic! But they should consider that this is a very enlightened age and country. It has been discovered that slavery is a blessing to poor labourers, especially to coloured ones, that it is "the corner-stone" of the slaveholder's liberty, that the second commandment sanctions the institution, and that anti-slavery is at once infidelity and treason. Also, that men who reproduce their images through the wombs of their female chattels have a clear right to task, flog, imbrute and sell said images at discretion—all in accordance with the peace and dignity of both Church and State. Moreover, that they are honourable gentlemen, worthy of the highest stations, and that they must be protected in their rights by all who "love our glorious Union." If all this be so, what can be a more Democratic and Christian trick than for Virginia to kidnap 55,000 of her free coloured people and thereby make 20,000,000 of dollars. Let her take pro-slavery rope and try it. —*Practical Christian.*

Senator Wilson declares the Republican party pledged to the Union, and that if any men, North or South, lay their hands upon it, they shall die, if we [Republicans] have the power, traitor deaths, and have traitor names in the history of the Republic. General Jackson said "the Union must be preserved." So said the Democrats; so said the Whigs; so said the Know-Nothings; and so have said the Republicans. But what is still more important, the slaveholders have always inflexibly resolved that the Union shall be preserved so long as it ensures the safety of their peculiar institution—and no longer. Now, be it remembered that this same ever-be-glorified, perpetually-saved and never-to-be-dissolved Union will stand till the said slaveholders snap it asunder; which they will certainly do when it ceases to foster and conserve slavery. The North will never dissolve the Union—not a single State in the North; but the time is not distant when the more Southern States, in their madness, *will.* Mark the prediction! Then "we shall see what we shall see," "the beginning of the end." Meantime, let the politicians of all parties play at *Union-saving*, and diamond cut diamond. Take this away from them, and half their stock in trade would be gone. Every decent mind in the country will soon come to understand their game, and will get get familiarized with the real value of the Union, aye, much better still, with the market value of its *special saviours.*—*Practical Christian.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS AT MUSIC HALL.—In consequence of the illness of Theodore Parker (an illness not of a serious character, we are happy to state), Mr. Phillips kindly consented to officiate in his stead, at the Music Hall, on Sunday morning last. The gathering, on the occasion, was a splendid tribute to the eloquence, character and reformatory spirit of the speaker —every seat in that immense hall being filled, the platform crowded, numbers compelled to stand, and many obliged to turn away for lack of accommodation. Probably not less than three thousand persons were present—representing every phase in society, from the highly conservative to the most radical, and embodying an amount of intellectual strength and moral worth rarely brought together under any circumstances. Such a multitudinous assemblage was the more remarkable inasmuch as no one knew on what topic Mr. Phillips would speak, and there was no popular excitement to account for it. He occupied about an hour and a half in the delivery of his discourse, which was listened to throughout with unbroken attention and intense interest. Of course, it was of a very practical character, discriminating between a living and a dead Christianity, enforcing individual freedom and responsibility, and rebuking more particularly to the treatment of the criminal and perishing classes in society. It evidently made a very deep impression.—*Liberator*, 3d.

"LIBERTY OR DEATH."—The *Nashville Banner*, of March 20th, contains the following:

"The particulars of one of the most unaccountable suicides have just come to our knowledge. Two servants of Mr. Jones, proprietor of Union Hall, in this city, one a yellow man named Levi, and the other black, named Allen, ran away on Sunday night last. It appears that they intended to get on the night train for Chattanooga, but arrived a moment too late. They took the track on foot and proceeded a few miles, secreting themselves until Monday night in a thicket. They then appeared at Antioch when the night train came along, and the yellow man purchased tickets for *himself and servant* for Chattanooga. The trick was not detected—Levi passed as a white man, and took his supper at the same table with the other passengers, ordering food for his servant at a side table. The attention of Mr. Charles Fox, merchant of this city, who was on board, on his way to New York, was attracted to Levi, and after a little scrutiny he recognised him, though disguised in a fine suit of clothes. Mr. Fox, on Tuesday morning, before reaching Chattanooga, questioned Levi, and becoming satisfied that he was running away, collared him and intimated that he was a prisoner. Levi was wrapped in a blanket, and he managed to draw a pistol from his breast without the movement being noticed, and turning the muzzle upon his abdomen, fired and fell on his seat. Mr. Fox and other passengers fled in an opposite direction, under the impression that he was firing at them, and when they turned back he had drawn a bowie-knife and cut his throat, and was a corpse."

The *Banner* adds: "Levi was an excellent servant, always obedient and tractable, and unusually intelligent," and thinks he would not have left his master without some strong inducements.

A MAN RESCUED FROM THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.—An exciting scene took place at Niagara, near the Suspension Bridge, on the 31st ult. Mr. F. C. Taylor, of Herkimer County, had attempted to descend by the perilous steps near the flour mill on the river bank, and on reaching the bottom he slipped and fell into the water just below the bridge near the shore, and when first seen was rolling over, being borne along by the strong current, until he reached a rock, and with some difficulty reached its top. People gathered on both sides of the river, and it was determined to send down a rope ladder, though he could not be seen from the projecting point over his head. When it was lowered a hundred feet, it got entangled among the rocks and trees, and three brave men undertook the hazardous service of freeing it, and for more than an hour worked hard to conduct the ladder down the precipice, while it was let down from above, until cheers and a handkerchief waving on the other side of the river showed that it was accomplished. Mr. Crane, a "Dutch butcher," went down to help the man up, but he declined his assistance, leaped to the shore and commenced the ascent of 300 feet, the crowd being frantically excited. He reached the top, and was caught up and borne upon their shoulders, which added to his exhaustion, and gave his thanks.

RATHER TART.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says:

"There are some funny reports about the answer of Chief Justice Taney to the application of the *National Intelligencer* for a copy of his Opinion in the Dred Scott case. One of them is that the Chief Justice, in order apparently to administer a slap at the conduct of his associates, Curtis and McLean, in publishing their Opinions in advance of filing them, replied somewhat as follows:

"'Chief Justice Taney returns his compliments to the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, and, in reply to their request, begs to inform them that he does not prepare opinions for the use of juvenile debating societies or of political newspapers. He would add, that when his Opinion is filed, it will be published by the reporter of the Supreme Court, who alone has the right of publishing its decisions.'"

It is probable that the old gentleman's mind is somewhat embittered by the consciousness that Justices Curtis and McLean have entirely overthrown his arguments, if they have not overwhelmed him with ridicule, and that the people of the Northern States have no more respect for his stump speech from the Bench than they have for any other border ruffian harangue.—*Boston Republican.*

ELEVEN YEARS A SLAVE.—We mentioned in the last *Record* that James Henry, a coloured man born in West Chester, had been kidnapped, sold as a slave, and remained in bondage, in Virginia, until he made his escape—a period of 11 years. Since our publication Henry called at our office, and detailed a considerable portion of his experience. He is a light-complexioned negro; and his father being a preacher, he was taught to read and write. He has a good address, and is fluent of tongue. In 1833, at ten years of age, he entered the U. S. Navy, where he remained eight or ten years, and was discharged as a first class seaman, with a medal for good conduct. After being on shore for some time, he engaged as a seaman on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. The captain of this vessel, having sailed, anchored on the coast of Virginia, took him ashore in a boat, and telling him he would shortly be back, pushed off to the ship, and left him on shore. The captain did not return, and Henry soon found that he was claimed and treated as a slave; he was knocked down and ironed, and, in company with various other negroes, was marched to the South and sold. They travelled during night, from station to station, being in the day time confined in strong slave-pens. He everywhere prot

Miscellaneous Department.

THE AE LAMB O' THE FAULD.

In yon rude lanely sheilin',
Near nae ither house nor hauld,
There dwelt a hillside shepherd,
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.
A gray-haired rugged carle was he,
Wi' broo fu' stern an' bauld,
Wha said his sweet wee Janet
Was the ae lamb o' his fauld.

Oh! blithe an' bonny was the bairn,
A gleesome thing was she,
As wi' her flock she strayed amang
The hills where rises Dee.
Her weel-lo'ed mother dee'd when she
Was scarce six simmers auld,
An' left the shepherd lanely
Wi' the ae lamb o' the fauld.

He took her in the simmer where
A bothy he had made,
Whene'er she tired he carried her,
An' wrapped her in his plaid,
An' he sang wild Border ballads,
An' fairy tales he tauld,
While restin' on the hillside
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.

In Winter she would trim the fire
When daylight wore awa',
An' in the window set the lamp
To guide him through the snaw;
Then, laid aside his drippin' plaid,
Her arms wad him enfauld,
When he cam back weet an' weary
To the ae lamb o' his fauld.

The mountain blasts are bleak an' chill,
An' she grew thin an' weak;
There cam a wild licht to her e'e,
A strange red to her cheek;
And oh! sae fast she faded, till
Ae Winter mornin' cauld,
Dead, on her father's bosom,
Lay the ae lamb o' the fauld.

He stood uncovered in the drift,
An' saw the wee grave made;
Nane dared to comfort, when away
He tearless turned, an' said:
"There's nae licht in the sheilin' noo;
My hearth will aye be cauld;
I've nocht on earth to care for
Sin' my ae lamb's i' THE FAULD."

—"*Poems by Isa*" (*Edinburgh*).

INTELLECTUAL FLEAS.

We have lately discovered an individual who for the last twenty years has devoted his life to the intellectual training of fleas. He carries on his operations in a little room in Marylebone street, London: we enter—there are fleas here, fleas there, fleas everywhere: no less than sixty fleas are here imprisoned and sentenced to hard labour for life. All of them are luckily chained or fastened in some way or other, so that escape and subsequent feasting upon visitors is impossible. A little black speck jumps up suddenly off the table whereon the performance takes place—we walk up to inspect, and find that it is a monster flea attired "à la convict"; he is free to move about, but, wherever he goes, a long gilt chain, tightly fastened round his neck, accompanies him.

Occasionally he tries to jump; the chain soon brings him down again, strong as he is. We were told, that if a flea be fastened to the end of an unbroken wheat straw, he will be strong enough to lift it right off the table on which it is placed. This discovery was first made by the flea-proprietor, and made him turn his attention towards utilising the race. One would think it were easy enough to procure troops of fleas, and to train them to perform; but it appears that neither is an easy matter. It is not easy to procure a lot of able-bodied fleas, and it is not every sort of flea that will do. They must be human fleas: dog fleas, cat fleas, and bird fleas, are of no use—they are not lively enough nor strong enough, and soon break down in their training. Human fleas, therefore, must be obtained, and our friend has created a market for them. The dealers are principally elderly females, who supply the raw material; the trade price of fleas, moreover (like the trade price of everything else), varies, but the average price is threepence a dozen. In the Winter time it is sixpence; and, on one occasion, the trainer was obliged to give the large sum of sixpence for one single flea. He had arranged to give a performance; the time arrived; he unpacked the fleas; one, whose presence could not be dispensed with, was gone. What was to be done? the vacancy must be filled. At last, an ostler, pitying the manager's distress, supplied the needful animal; but he required sixpence for it, and sixpence he got.

While we were looking at the performance, there came in a fresh supply of fleas; a swarm of them, in a vial bottle, huddled all together at the bottom. We gave them a shake, and immediately they all began hopping about, hitting their little horney heads against the sides of the bottle (which was held sideways) with such force that there was a distinct noise, as if one had gently tapped the bottle with the nail. They were not very good friends, for they were perpetually getting entangled in masses, and fighting with their tiny but powerful legs, and rolling over and over as if in mortal combat. It was not, however, a case of life and death; for we did not see one that was looking injured or tired after the mêlée.

We then observed one fact, which gave us great pleasure; namely, that fleas are at enmity with bugs. There was one bug in the bottle surrounded by many fleas, the poor bug rushed continually from one end of the bottle to the other, running the gauntlet of the assembled fleas; every flea he came near attacked him, and retreated immediately as though half afraid of him; the bug, overwhelmed by numbers, had the worst of it, and beat an ignoble retreat into a bit of flannel.

Fleas are not always brought to market in vial bottles. A flea-proprietor told us that he got all his best fleas from Russia, and that they came over in pill-boxes packed in the finest cotton-wool. These fleas were big, powerful and good workers. We wonder whether the Custom-House authorities thought it worth while to examine the contents of these pill boxes. When our friend in Marylebone makes his annual tour into the provinces, his wife sends him weekly a supply of fleas in the corner of an envelope, packed in tissue-paper. She is careful not to put them in the corner where the stamp goes, as the post-office clerk would, with his stamp-marker, at one blow, smash the whole of the stock.

A flea cannot be taken up from its wild state and made to work at once; like a colt or a puppy, it must undergo a course of training and discipline. The training is brought about as follows: The flea is taken up gently in a pair of forceps, and a noose of the finest glass-silk is passed round his neck, and there tied with a peculiar knot. The flea, unfortunately for himself, has a groove or depression between his neck and his body, which serves as a capital hold-fast for the bit of silk; it can slip neither up nor down, and he cannot push it off with his legs; he is a prisoner, and is thus tied to his work. This delicate operation is generally performed under a magnifying glass; but, after a time, the eye gets so accustomed to the work that the glass is not always used. In no way is the performing flea mutilated; his kangaroo-like springing legs are not cut off, nor are his lobster-like walking legs interfered with—a flea must be in perfect health to perform well.

The first lesson given to the novice is the same as that given to a child, namely, to walk. To effect this he is fastened to the end of a slip of card-board, which works on a pin as on a pivot; the moment he feels himself free from the hands, or rather forceps, of the harnesser, he gives a tremendous spring forward; what is the consequence? he advances in a circle, and the weight of the cardboard keeps him down at the same time. He tries it again with the same result; finally, he finds the progress he makes in no way equal to his exertions; he therefore, like a wise flea, gives it up, and walks round and round with his card-board as quietly as an old blind horse does in a mill. To arrive at this state of training requires about a fortnight; some fleas have more genius than others, but a fortnight is the average time.

There is another mode of training fleas: to shut them up in a small glass box which turns easily between two upright supporters. The flea, when first put in, hops wildly about, but he only hits his head against the top of the box, and at the same time gets giddy with the turning round of his prison. We are not aware which system of training has proved the more successful.

Among the trained fleas already at work, we noticed the following: there was a coach with four fleas harnessed to it, who draw it along a pretty good pace; and we should be inclined to back the coach in a race with a common garden snail. It is very heavy for the little creatures to drag along, for one pane of glass in the coach is equal to the weight of one hundred fleas. There is a large flea, whose daily task is to drag along a little model of a man-of-war; it is amusing to see him push and struggle to get it along; but get it along he does, although it is two hundred and forty times his own weight. Again, there are two fleas secured, one at each end of a very little bit of gold-coloured paper. They are placed in a reversed position to each other—one looking one way, the other another way. Thus tied, they are placed in a sort of arena on the top of a musical-box; at one end of the box sits an orchestra composed of fleas, each tied to its seat, and having the resemblance of some musical instrument tied on to the foremost of their legs. The box is made to play, the exhibitor touches each of the musicians with a bit of stick, and they all begin waving their hands about, as performing an elaborate piece of music. The fleas tied to the gold paper feel the jarring of the box below, and begin to run round and round as fast as their little legs will carry them. This is called the Flea's Waltz.

Tightly secured in a tiny chair sits a flea facing a tiny cannon. Several times a day this unfortunate insect fires this cannon, and in this wise: One of the little slips which form the feather of a quill pen is fastened on to one of his legs, and a little detonating powder placed on its tip; the exhibitor then presses the wand down on to the cannon, and scratches the detonating powder, it goes off with a sharp report, making the lookers-on jump, but it astonishes nobody more than the flea himself; he flourishes the burnt remains of his firing wand madly about in the air, his numerous legs kick about violently, his little head bobs up and down, and altogether he shows as many symptoms of alarm as it is possible for a flea to exhibit. The individual flea that we saw in this state of trepidation did not seem to have got used to his work, though the poor thing had been firing his cannon about thirty times a day for a month.

The fleas are not kept always in harness; every night each flea is taken out of his harness, is fed, and placed in a private compartment in a box for the night; before they go to bed they have their supper, and in the morning also their breakfasts, upon the hand of their owner—sometimes he has nearly all his fleas on the backs of his hands at the same moment, all biting and sucking away. For more than twenty years has he thus daily fed his fleas without any detriment to his health: the quantity of blood each flea takes away being imperceptibly small—one drop of blood, he considers, would feed a flea many weeks; but it is the itching sensation caused by the flea cutting the skin which is unpleasant. This feeling of itching he felt painfully when he first began to submit himself to the tender mercies of his little performers: now he is so hardened that he feels them not at all, whether biting or sucking. When, however, there are many on his hands at the same time, he suffers from a sensation of great irritation all over his body, which passes away when their supper is over. He has remarked that fleas will not feed if his hand be not kept perfectly motionless; the act, therefore, of feeding and harnessing is troublesome, and he is obliged to give up two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon to it. His fleas generally live a long time, provided they are properly fed and taken care of. He once had a flea, a patriarch, who for eighteen months was occupied in pulling up a little bucket from a well: this flea lived longer than any other flea he ever had, and he believes he died finally from pure old age; for he was found dead one day, faithful to his post, with his bucket drawn half-way up the well.—*Household Words.*

THE LAST OF THE ARCTIC VOYAGES.

Sir Edward Belcher's narrative of the last of the arctic voyages, undertaken in search of Sir John Franklin, possesses a real and important value, and ought not, therefore, to be shut up from the mass of the public in the two substantial and expensive volumes "published under the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty."* Much of the work has little or no interest for the general reader; but there are various incidents connected with the expedition which may be properly detached and reproduced in a form adapted for popular perusal. Such particulars, or as many of them as can be compressed into a limited article, it is our present object to bring together for the benefit of the reader of this *Journal*.

It may be remembered, that in April, 1852, Sir Edward started in command of a squadron of five vessels—the Assistance, the Resolute, the North Star, the Pioneer, and the Intrepid. The three first were sailing-vessels, and the other two were steamers acting as tenders to the Resolute and Assistance. They passed Cape Farewell, the southern point of Greenland, on the 1st of May and proceeded northward up Baffin Bay, skirting the coast of Greenland up to the top of Melville Bay, and thence returning in a south-westerly direction to the entrance of Lancaster Sound. No traces so far had been discovered of Franklin's expedition. Through Lancaster Sound they proceeded onward into Barrow Straits and halted at Beechey Island, near the opening of Wellington Channel. Here the Resolute, under the command of Captain Kellett, parted company with Sir Edward and the Assistance, to proceed westward to Melville Island and the straits and seas adjacent. Sir Edward Belcher, with the Assistance and the Pioneer, turned northward up Wellington Channel, leaving the North Star, at Beechey Island, as a stationary depôt and general point of rendezvous for the rest of the expedition. Sir Edward and his companions were now in the arctic wilderness, forcing their way through frozen fields, sawing and blasting the ice as they proceeded, and experiencing the usual arctic perils and disasters. Among the phenomena noticed on the route was the "red snow" mentioned by Sir John Ross; not a pale or dingy red, but deep crimson, lying in spots on the otherwise unsullied surface. Sir Edward Belcher conceives that these tinted patches are caused by the birds which congregate in these regions, and feed on small fish of a brilliant scarlet colour. The vessels were not delayed in their progress, except at intervals, where the floe lay across the way, or at points at which previous expeditions had left records. Lest any one should not understand what is meant by a "floe," it may be well to give the definition of it presented in these volumes. "The floe is a homogeneous frozen mass of possibly miles in extent, averaging from three feet to three feet six inches, or four feet in thickness; it is tough, elastic, not easily upset, and impermeable to the sea." On the other hand, what is called the "pack"—frequently mentioned in these voyages—is a collection of bits of floe, or bay-ice, broken into pieces of every size and in every imaginable idea of confusion, at one place two feet, at another twenty or thirty, and only cemented by casual freezing, tumbling asunder by its own inequality of weight and rending the heavier from the lighter by any slight access of temperature, or still more vigorously by cracking and letting the warmer sea flow in between the joinings." The floe is for the most part safe for travelling with sledges, while the pack, both for sledges and shipping, is often extremely dangerous.

Sailing through the space which connects Wellington Channel with Queen's Channel, the Assistance and the Pioneer proceeded northward, till, at the head of the latter channel, they were impeded by a mass of ice many miles in extent, on the western side, which closed all chances of advance in that direction. Here, therefore, in a little harbour on the eastern side, the Assistance and her tender were moored for the Winter season, not to move again until the Spring of 1853. A few days after the ships were thus secured, Sir Edward commenced a sledge-journey over the ice, with twenty companions and three weeks' provisions. As it is with the incidents of the voyage, rather than with its objects, that we are to be here concerned, we will quote the account given of an adventure with the walrus, shortly after starting.

"I succeeded," says Sir Edward, "in shooting four walrus, two of which I was unable to secure, but Dyak fashion—their heads were only at this time taken. During our absence on this journey, one of the beheaded carcasses floated near the ship on the floe-piece where I had left him, and was captured, but not, I believe, without further expenditure of ammunition; of this I have no particular evidence; he had no head to speak for himself, and no such trophy was produced. It is not pleasant to narrate acts which bear the impress of cruelty; and I must confess that, on reflection, the killing of four of these animals, without securing them for use, was unnecessary. The sportsman seldom thinks of this. The death of monkeys or parrots, and turtle, where they could not be consumed, has often brought me to the same reflection. But without dwelling further on acts or motives, the duty of naturalists compels me to notice the conduct of these warm-blooded animals on being wounded. The father, mother, and cubs were of the party. On the death of the mother, or rather on receiving her wound in the neck, it was painfully interesting to notice the action of her young. One literally clasped her round the neck, and was apparently endeavouring to aid in stanching the blood with its mouth or flipper, when, at a sudden convulsive pang, she struck at her infant with her tusks, and repeating this several times with some severity, prevented its further repetition. The male, with a very white beard (strong horny bristles), came up repeatedly in a most threatening attitude, snorting aloud his vengeance; and well satisfied was I that the floe was my safeguard. Another, finding that she could no longer swim, deliberately hauled herself up on the floe to die. Now, with all due deference to anatomists, who may afford us full proofs of the capability of these animals to walk like flies on our ceiling, I must protest, from frequent observation, against the use of the flipper of the walrus for this purpose. It does not appear to be of greater aid than that of the seal is to that animal; and, strangely, its nails are placed on the upper side of the flipper, some inches within the margin. That the power of exerting the vacuum exists, I doubt not. But here, within a few feet, deliberately did I watch the progress of the animal in effecting its purpose. In the first place, the tail and fins, exerting their full power in the water, gave such an impetus that it projected about one-third of the body of the animal on to the floe. It then dug its tusks with such terrific force into the ice that I feared for its brain, and, leech-like, hauled itself forward by the enormous muscular power of the neck, repeating the operation until it was secure. The force with which the tusks were stuck into the ice appeared not only sufficient to break them, but the concussion was so heavy that I was surprised that any brain could bear it. Can any one, then, be surprised when they are informed that they 'die hard' even when shot through the brain?"

The mode of encampment on these arctic voyages not having been explained in any published work, Sir Edward thinks it proper to give a "rough outline" of the tent equipment, and other accessories therewith connected. "The tent is very similar to that of American hunters, with this exception—instead of two forked poles, and one horizontal, resting in the forks, with the sides pegged down, the extremities of these are framed by two boarding-pikes, forming the pitch or sheers at each end, and a horsehair (clothes) line stretched over these forks, well secured to the sledge at the back, and by a pickaxe in front, keep all steady—so long, at least, as they hold. Instead of pegging, the sides are well banked with snow, which retains the heat, and keeps them pretty secure, if well performed; and if not, the breeze is sure to penetrate and create more rattling than is conducive to comfort or pleasant dreams. Each person is furnished with a blanket-bag, formed of thick drugget or felt, having an outside shell of prepared brown holland, supposed to be impervious to the air. The officer, who should always occupy the post of honour, is located at the extreme end, and that end is always placed towards the wind, in order to prevent it blowing into the mouth of the tent; he is able, therefore, to feel exactly for himself, as well as those around him. In this chrysalis bag, by dint of a kind of catterpillar wriggle, each individual contracts himself, endeavouring, by every reasonable mode, to produce a suffocating heat, and using his knapsack, boots, sextan-case, or any other convenient object, for a pillow. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary to place any articles to be worn on getting up, sufficiently in contact with the body to preserve its flexibility, or to prevent it becoming frozen. Over the snow is spread an oil-skin canvass and buffalo-robe carpet; and when all are laid out, or have supped, a general coverlet of felt is superadded, which is supposed to confine the accumulation of animal warmth. Cold, it is imagined, does not ascend, nor heat descend, yet it is very distinctly felt in both ways, especially when the warmth produces something very similar to a thaw beneath. But the enemy—not the 'sweet little cherub,' &c., but the barber*—is ever aloft, condensing the breath, and dropping down refreshing snow-showers, which makes one very dubious about exposing his head outside his shell, the lap of which he manages to turn down, and complete the envelope. The cookery and other proceedings are mere common-place. In these tents, you sleep as soundly as you can fancy under the temperature, unless the whispers of 'bear,' or the ominous snuffing of that animal, should induce you to ask: 'Who is cook?' As this personage, although permitted to sleep at his post, is the sentinel *par excellence*, he of course has the place next door, and, if not very sound asleep, is aroused, and betakes himself to reconnoitre."

In a subsequent part of the narrative, we are told that it is not easy to emerge from the above-described sleeping-bag, "especially if the alarm of bear, fire or water should be given, as the aggregate living mass is covered by another heavy blanket, made fast to the tent-poles at the officer's end of the tent, to keep him down until the rest escape." Barring accidents, however, the tent routine is quite simple. At a certain hour, the cook is called: I never knew a cook call himself. Why should they sleep more than any other member, seeing that they have the same time allowed, and change daily? probably the last cook being the very foremost to call his successor to a sense of his duty. Our fires were candles, therefore soon lighted; but the cook had to procure his snow and thaw it before he obtained water. When this could be coaxed to boil, the chocolate was put in, and the word passed—"Cocoa ready." Heads emerged, pannikins produced (tin-pots holding, *just measure*, one pint and more each person), biscuit is served out, and breakfast soon despatched; no waiters to pay, no chambermaids. The luncheon, grog, is mixed with the water from remaining fire (now available), luncheon put into the "scran-bag," and "Down house—break up!" Such, reader, is the delightful process of the polar travelling-gentleman, to be understood in future as "started"=after breakfast, &c.; "pitched"=or erected tents, cooked, and went to sleep.

On returning from the sledge exploration, which resulted in nothing, so far as regards the object of the search, the officers and crew of the Assistance, having little to do until the ice should break up, set about amusing themselves, as far as that was practicable, with theatricals. The first performance was injured by boisterous weather; but the company afterwards, on the shortest day, performed *Hamlet* and the *Scapegrace* with somewhat more success. "The performance was, as far as we could *hear*, good; but some doubt as to the scenery—the preponderance of clouds at three feet above the stage, resulting from the condensation of the breath of the audience, rendering the busts of the actors barely visible, and thus, at all events, adding to their confidence, as no blush could be detected. . . . . Sir Edward Parry mentioned that the zeal of his manager produced representations even when the thermometer fell below zero. In the present instance, the temperature was—34 degrees outside, but the after-deck thermometer is registered as low as—37 degrees.† It was, however, to my feelings, uncomfortably cold, even in her majesty's box. . . . . Thus we passed the Rubicon of this much-talked-of polar Winter in Northumberland Sound, the evening terminating at a supper given on board the Pioneer, where 'bright eyes,' as well as 'brother polars,' were not forgotten."

After the shortest day, Christmas-day soon followed, when the officers and crews of both vessels appeared to have made a jovial time of it. Sir Edward Belcher was drawn in a "state-sledge" from the Assistance to the Pioneer, to inspect the preparations there making for the Christmas-dinner, and the fancy decorations amidst which it was to be consumed. The usual loyal toasts were drunk, and compliments exchanged; and then the worthy captain returned to preside over the opening festival of the crew of his own ship. Here, as in the companion-vessel, he tells us, he found all the luxuries of the season, not forgetting the national roast-beef and plum-puddings. "The arrangements were all perfect, and in good taste; and our trusty crew were prepared to do justice to their fare, and enjoy themselves." Leaving them, after seeing that everything was in progress as it should be, he adds: "About six of the officers of both vessels, numbering seventeen, dined with me; and I think, by the very kind forethought of several warm-hearted fair friends who will possibly remember their good deeds with satisfaction, that my table groaned under as good a spread of the luxuries usually exhibited at this season as it could have done in merry England—not omitting the roast-beef, plum-pudding, mince-pies, and frosted cake of our national predilections. 'Poor Polars, how I pitied them!' Yet they seemed to enjoy themselves, and even to think of those poor people in England who might not enjoy themselves with half the genuine feeling. Our Queen and consort, our Duke of Cornwall, our relations and friends there, were not forgotten, not even the banner-cherubs and their mottoes; nor were our companions here, though for a time severed, yet possibly to be for a moment reunited in our Spring travels, omitted. [Captain Kellet and his menjin the Resolute are here referred to]. . . . . Many uninterested persons may, doubtless, be of opinion that these are not matters for the public journal of the commander of such an expedition. I am willing to risk the verdict; it is the index of the habits and customs of the arctic explorers in 1852-3-4-5-6, &c. Many an anxious eye may be turned to these particular pages, when others of dry matter, or of a controversial complexion, would studiously be avoided. We have but little sun at this season. Let us enjoy all the brightness that warm hearts and innocent amusements can afford, not forgetting those whose feelings are also gratified at learning that in all our enjoyments their presence alone was wanting to complete the cup. Sailors ever had, and will, so long as the good old breed is not extinct, have their feelings deep as the element they swim on, and no disguise."

But these are but the occasional gaities which help to relieve the tedium of a polar season: an arctic voyage is for the most part attended with many dangers, immense uncomfortableness, and manifold perplexities. On the reappearance of the sun, on the 18th of February, preparations began to be made for further sledge travelling. Excursions in various directions were undertaken, one of which was conducted by Sir Edward Belcher himself, and, but for his decisive presence of mind, might have been accompanied by fearful consequences. The accident sustained was owing to the defective nature of some of the articles supplied to the Admiralty for arctic service, as will be seen from the following extract: "On this short excursion, we fortunately discovered the inadequacy of our cooking-lamps either for stearine or spirits of wine. Instead of brazing, they had seen simply soldered, and the first time the spirit was used, the supply-tube fell off, the spirit (the entire day's allowance) was lost, and the tent endangered; and yet these things are put into the hands of the proverbially "careless and inexperienced seamen!" What mechanic could dream of burning stearine or alcohol in soldered vessels! Even the nozzles of the tea-kettles were so secured! Doubtless the government paid very handsomely for these inefficient clap-traps, but our blacksmith had enough to do to keep them in repair; indeed, we were lucky to obtain him, for the steam-department did not aid us in such matters, beyond helping the blacksmith in tin-work and at the bellows. These matters, at first sight, do not occur to the uninitiated, but they are pregnant with danger as well as inconvenience. Let us suppose that we had started with spirits only, as intended; but in this case we had a small supply of stearine. First act: spirit-lamp defective, feeding-pipe falls off (soldered to the side and bottom, instead of top). The alcohol, flowing round and below, took fire, and destroyed the lamp for use. If I had not been present, and made a substitute, all the fuel would have been expended. But let us imagine that the tent did take fire, what would be the condition of the party? First, loss of shelter, and, from the attempt to extinguish the fire, inevitable frostbites; the result, loss of members bitten, or life! But there are other miseries; without fuel, neither water, tea, nor chocolate to drink could have been procured; and thirst at this season, particularly at the commencement, is intensely felt; but had such an accident occurred at the outward limit of a journey, the result is fearful to contemplate! What, then, I may ask, would be the chances in this region for our missing countrymen, if they escaped from their vessel? Fuel, even in savage-life, is requisite." It may, therefore, have happened that Franklin and his men have perished through the Admiralty's accepting unfit articles from unprincipled contractors.

Here, again, is an incident, occurring somewhat later, which serves to illustrate the perils attendant on journeying over the ice. It was by a somewhat similar accident that Lieutenant Bellot lost his life. "About eight a. m. on the 5th of May (1853), we moved forward, and on closing Star Buff, we found the ice becoming very tender. I thought that the off-shore ice would prove firmer: it was so; but I did not go sufficiently far; and in the attempt to make a short-cut, to avoid one of the most apparently dangerous spots, the leading sledge broke in. Here the trusty *Hamilton* [a boat taken with them to cross spaces of open water] did good service; she was soon floating beside the sledge, and safely were the goods transferred. The instruments were safe; and I was on the point, carrying the theodolite-legs in my hands, of seeking a secure spot, when I found myself suddenly immersed in a bath, by no means acceptable; it might have been an intentional interpretation of C. B.; but it was beyond a joke. The current beneath the ice ran very strong. I had the chronometer on me, and, unless I was soon rescued, I should be missing under the ice! At present, the legs of the instrument across the hole sustained me just enough out of water to prevent wetting the chronometer. A track-belt thrown to me, and connected with others—for it was dangerous to approach me—soon dragged me out like a walrus, and all was right. The present condition and safety of our wardrobes being a matter of considerable doubt, Mr. Grove most kindly clothed my lower extremities until matters were accommodated. Our loss was only ninety-six pounds of bread, and some pretty considerable dampness. The gutta-percha cases for bread proved too brittle, and split; they are certainly not adapted to the rough handling of seamen; no man who cannot understand (and feel for) them should be intrusted with, or can derive advantage from them; they will not stand rough usage. The bread thus damaged was buried, and a cairn erected to mark the spot, so that if distress required us to fall back upon it, we knew where it was deposited. But many of my readers would doubtless like to know how I relished this cold bath. I will describe it in a few words. The unexpected immersion was not pleasant: when in for it, I cared little about it, but the tide and safety of chronometer did not allow me to enjoy it. The cold was not felt, but a glowing sensation prevailed until I recovered my customary dry clothing."

Here is a bit of natural history. "We pushed on for Tongue Point, and there pitched. More bears! I was busy on the Point with the instrument, watching for an object, when I noticed a lady and her cub, amusing themselves, as I imagined, at a game of romps, but the old lady was evidently more excited. Possibly no such opportunity has before been afforded by any naturalist of witnessing quietly the humours or habits of these animals. At first, the motions of the mother appeared to me as ridiculously absurd, or as if she was teaching her cub to perform a summerset, or something nearly approaching it: but the cub evinced no interest, no participation in the sport—indeed, moved off, and lay down apparently to sleep. The antics, too, of the mother were too distant from the cub to prove instructive. I will endeavour to convey the impression of the exhibition, as viewed through the telescope, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, as well as the object on which she appeared intent. It must first be borne in mind that a bear of such dimensions as that before me would weigh about six and a half or seven hundred weight. The object apparently in view was to break a hole in the ice. In order to effect this, the claws were first put into requisition, and as nimbly and gracefully as a dog did the huge creature tear up and scatter snow and ice to the winds. Having removed, as she imagined, sufficient, she then appeared to estimate her distance, calculate on her leap, and in the effort came down *perpendicular* on her fore-paws over the spot which she had scratched. Something, she imagined, had been effected. She continued to repeat this scratching and amusing mode of pounding until at length she appeared satisfied, when she assumed an attitude of 'dead point,' with fore-paw raised, and remained for some time immovable. The question occurred to me: 'Is this a mode, by concussion and making a hole, of seducing a seal within gripe?' for I have repeatedly noticed that when we cut for tide-pole, fire-hole, &c., that these inquisitive animals will show themselves. This, however, I leave for others to verify. We now proceed to other business. Punch had rejoined: Mr. Loney and one or two of the party, attended by the dogs, endeavoured to get within shot; but Punch, poor fellow, was done up, and could not be brought to the scratch. The cub evidently had sealed orders to open somewhere south-west; she bore up. Mamma steered away south-east, and parted company, apparently after the former bear, possibly her husband, and our party returned to pemmican and sleep. The experience we have had of bears' habits fully warrants the impression that they are afraid of man, dog, or wolf, singly, and would inevitably run from them if escape was available; but cases may occur where, finding themselves suddenly and unexpectedly confronted, they are driven to desperation, and endeavour to show fight. All animals at bay are dangerous. The polar bear is cunning and inquisitive, and, having discovered your power, very wisely declines the combat."

No traces of Franklin were found in Queen's Channel or its neighbourhood. Sir Edward Belcher is of opinion that he never even passed up Wellington Channel, but supposes his course from Beechy Island to have been probably in the direction of Prince Regent Inlet. This opinion, from the traces found of him subsequently by Dr. Rae, would appear to have some foundation, though Sir Edward rather inclines to the belief that the ships were crushed by the ice in Lancaster Sound, as he had observed signs of some catastrophe at Cape Riley, which he thinks were left by one of the divisions of the distressed crews. The whole matter of the fate of the vessels, however, still remains uncertain. All that is known is what everybody may be supposed to have read in the newspapers—namely, that Dr. Rae, in the journey which he made for completing the survey of the west coast to Boothia, met with some natives in Pelly Bay, from one of whom he learned that a party of white men had perished for want of food some distance to the westward of that region. The date assigned is the Spring of 1850. Sir Edward does not seem satisfied with the account, but thinks there are grounds for suspecting that the distressed party were tracked by the Esquimaux, and probably killed and plundered. The large list of articles found in their possession, which had evidently belonged to Franklin and his companions, suggests, to say the least of it, some very grave suspicions.

Returning, however, for a moment to the narrative, we may sum up in a few sentences the movements of Sir Edward on retracing his course from the head of Queen's Channel. It was late in July, 1853, before the ships could get released, and in proceeding southward they were constantly obstructed by the ice. Notwithstanding, they succeeded in reaching open water early in September, and in the latter part of October gained a position about half-way down Wellington Channel, on the eastern side, where they were shortly frozen in. The second Winter proved greatly more severe than the former one, and so obstructed was the channel with fields of floating-ice throughout the ensuing Summer that it became impossible to extricate the ships; and both were eventually obliged to be abandoned. Sir Edward and his crews escaped with boats and sledges across the floe to Beechey Island, where they embarked on board the North Star, which was there awaiting their arrival. It was now August, 1854, and preparations were made for returning to England. Whether in that single vessel so many persons would have all arrived safely, may be doubted, for the Resolute had also been left behind, and the crew had been taken from the Investigator, belonging to a previous expedition; but it happened, fortunately, that, when on the point of starting, the North Star was met by two vessels, the Talbot and the Phœnix, which had been sent out in aid by the Admiralty that season. The crews were accordingly distributed; and at length, towards the end of September, the three vessels reached their destined ports in safety.

Sir Edward Belcher, as most of our readers are probably aware, was subsequently called to account by the Admiralty for abandoning his ships; but the investigation resulted in his honourable acquittal. It was acknowledged that he had done the best that was practicable in his circumstances. It is to be borne in mind that he was not sent out to explore the north-west passage, but simply to search for Sir John Franklin. When that search became hopeless, it was plainly his duty to return; and as he was thoroughly persuaded that the vessels left behind could not be rescued without unseasonably prolonging the stay of his crews in those dreary regions, and thereby risking their lives, he chose the humane and prudent part, and obviously deserves the thanks and commendation of his country. "Is the sacrifice of life," as he pertinently asks, "to be weighed against the loss of timber, which, if returned to England, as all previous experience has shown, is of no further value as a sailing vessel, but simply to be sold 'to break up'?" "Finally," he says, "I do feel infinite gratification that it pleased God to afford me determination to perform my duty in the precise manner I did, under the circumstances and difficulties by which I found myself surrounded."

The narrative, though necessarily dry in many particulars, is nevertheless more varied and interesting than the generality of arctic voyages, and, as the foregoing extracts testify, is often marked with liveliness and pleasantry. The writer, perhaps, never forgets that he is an arctic commander, and shows a corresponding degree of egotism and professional esteem; but this is, in its way, rather piquant than otherwise, and does not detract from the general agreeableness of the work. The new information the work contains is very considerable; and it is beautifully illustrated with tinted lithographs, besides being furnished with a serviceable map. About half the second volume is occupied with an appendix, containing valuable papers on artic fish, fossils, the remains of an ichthyosaurus, crustaceæ, and shells, all by writers of eminent scientific reputation. Taken altogether, it seems to us a well-presented record of adventure and observation, and, as such, may be expected to find a cordial acceptance wherever it may happen to obtain attention.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE AMERICAN BONAPARTES.

By the decree of the 21st of June, 1853, all questions affecting the rank of the members of the imperial family of France were referred to a privy council, composed of a number of statesmen of the highest rank. This council has held one meeting since its organization for the purpose of determining the position of the son and grandson of Prince Jerome, by his first marriage with Elizabeth Paterson. This movement originated with Prince Jerome himself, and its object is to force this branch of his descendants to renounce forever the name of Bonaparte. The facts of the marriage are as follows:

On the 27th of December, 1803, Jerome Bonaparte, then 19 years old, married, in the United States, Miss Elizabeth Paterson, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Baltimore. The marriage was not published in France, nor was the consent of the parents ever given, Mr. Paterson, as well as Madame Laetitia, having protested against it. The French ambassador, Pichon, who was afterwards disgraced for having failed to prevent the marriage, declared, in the name of the First Consul, that it would never be recognised by the Bonaparte family. At length, on the 2d of March, 1805, the following Imperial decree was published:

"In consideration that the marriage of a minor, contracted secretly abroad, and without the consent of the parties concerned, according to the French law is null and void;

"That the sovereign of this State has the right to interfere in every affair respecting his family, and to prevent or suppress anything that may be against his personal dignity, or appear offensive to his Majesty or to his throne:

"Article 1. All the municipal officers of the empire are forbidden to insert in their registers the act of marriage which Jerome Bonaparte is said to have contracted abroad."

At the time when this decree was published, Elizabeth Paterson, Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, was pregnant with a son, who is still living.

Jerome Bonaparte, obedient to his brother's command, returned to France, where, two years later, on the 12th of August, 1806, he married the Princess Frederica Catherine Sophia, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. The Princess Matilda and the Prince Napoleon were the fruit of this union.

Although separated for political motives from his first-born son, the King of Westphalia never ceased to take a lively interest in his welfare; a correspondence has constantly been carried on between them and the numerous proofs of esteem and friendship manifested by Jerome induced his son to believe that he held an equal place in his father's affection with the children of the Princess of Wurtemberg.

When, after the Revolution of 1848, the fortunes of the Bonaparte family seemed once more in the ascendant, the American descendants of Jerome determined to assert their claim to the family name, and to participate in the vast political power which Louis Napoleon was beginning to dispense to his relatives; and Jerome Paterson Bonaparte, with his eldest son, the offspring of a marriage with a lady of Baltimore, and late an officer in the United States army, departed for Europe about two years ago, where they have since remained. The wife and a younger son of Jerome Paterson still reside in Baltimore, we believe, and decline to assert their claims to admission to the imperial family.

The young officer was presented at the imperial court, where he was at first graciously received, and upon the breaking out of the Eastern war, at his own request, was sent to the Crimea, and distinguished himself, in a moderate degree, during the campaign, under General Morris. Two years ago, the Patersons, both father and son, demanded their act of naturalization, in which they were recognised as members of the imperial family; and in the official paper, the *Moniteur*, the title of "his Imperial Highness" was given to young Paterson, upon his appointment as lieutenant in the army. It seems that from this qualified membership, which might hereafter form the ground of claims on the part of the American Bonapartes, they are now to be perpetually excluded. It is true that, since these apprehensions arose, a direct heir to the throne has been born, which seems to decide the matter for the present, until a contingency shall arise, by which the inheritance will again become open to the heirs of King Jerome; but weighty reasons seem to have demanded an immediate solution of the question, by the privy council of the Imperial family, upon which the Emperor has conferred the power to decide in all purely personal matters relating to the Bonapartes.

Jerome has, therefore, insisted upon the immediate decision of the question, and offers to prove the illegality of the marriage, and the dissolution of it by the church. The Patersons, on the other hand, deny the authority of the decree of 1805, which, they contend, intimated no doubt of the legality of the marriage, on which only a civil court could decide, but merely forbade it to be recorded in the public registers of France. They refer, also, to their uninterrupted and unquestioned position as legitimate heirs and on the good faith of Elizabeth Paterson in contracting her marriage with Jerome Bonaparte. Jerome, however, demurs to this good faith, which he attempts to discredit, by citing a clause in the marriage contract, in which, in case of the dissolution of the marriage union, at the request of the wife or her parents, it is stipulated that a jointure of 60,000 francs a year shall be paid to her, which sum Elizabeth Paterson Bonaparte really received during her life-time.

Mr. Allou represents Prince Jerome, and Mr. Berryer, the illustrious legitimist, the American claimants, before the council. Interesting letters from Napoleon I., Pope Pius VII., the Emperor of Russia and the King of Wurtemberg have been produced. The court consists of the Keeper of the Privy Seal, President, Mr. Fould, Troplong, De Morny, Baroch and Oreano. The judgment of the council must be given within a month. It is supposed that the legitimacy of the Patersons will be recognised, although the right of succession to the throne will be denied them.—*Evening Post.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Twenty-three thousand (says a London paper) is the number of strong men destroyed out of England by the war now closed. France has lost sixty thousand; Russia confesses to have lost five hundred thousand, three-fifths of them in forced marches, and the rest in actual war.

——Lord Palmerston has the reputation of being able to converse with fluency in a greater number of the living languages of Europe than any other Englishman known to fame. Others may have a more critical acquaintance with such languages than his lordship, but in the art of speaking with ease he is said to have no rival.—*London Paper.*

——Submarine Duel.—Some years ago, when Mr. Deane and his corps of divers were employed in clearing the wreck of the "Royal George," from the anchorage at Spithead, two privates in the Sappers and Miners at work under water, squabbled and had a set-to in the briny deep: one of them succeeded in breaking a window in his antagonist's helmit